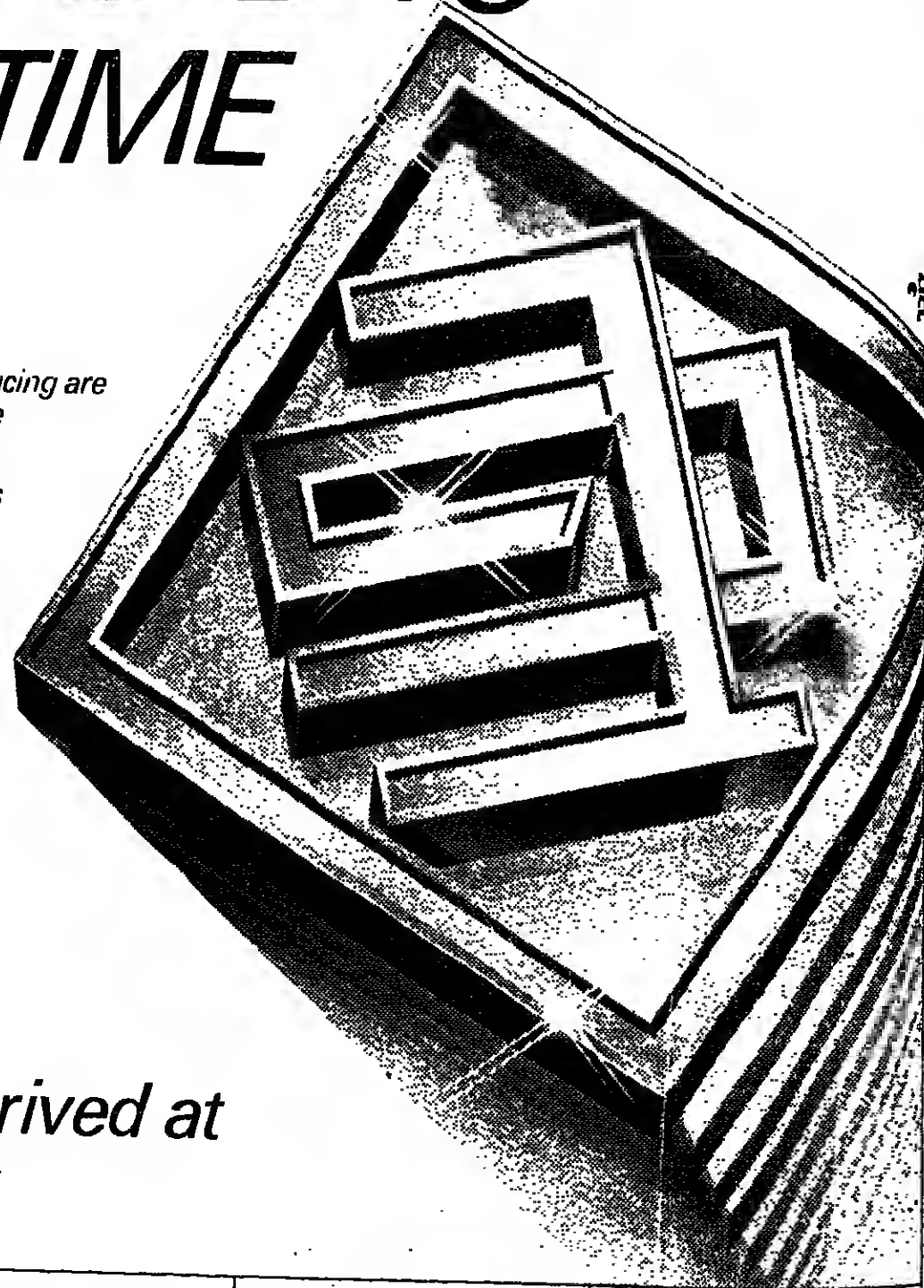


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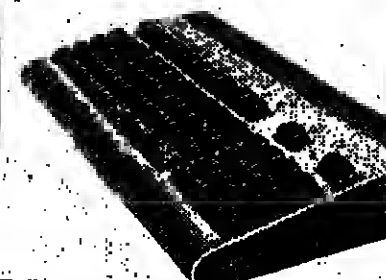


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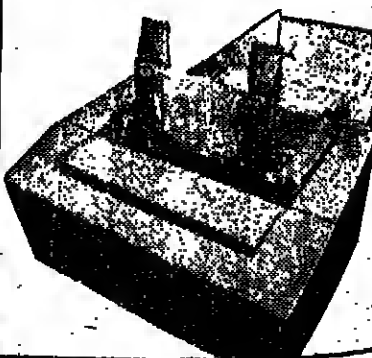
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Friday, February 25, 1983

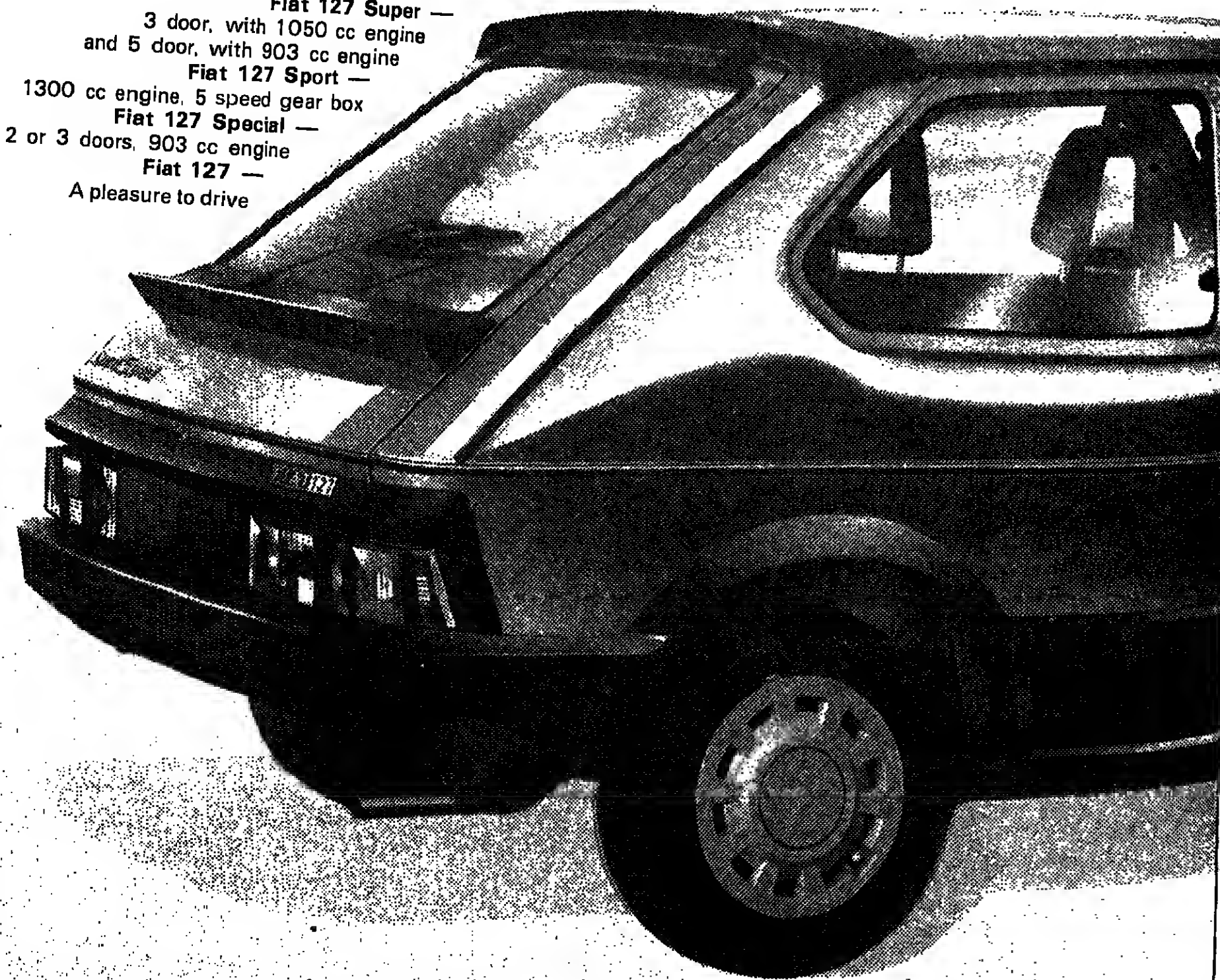


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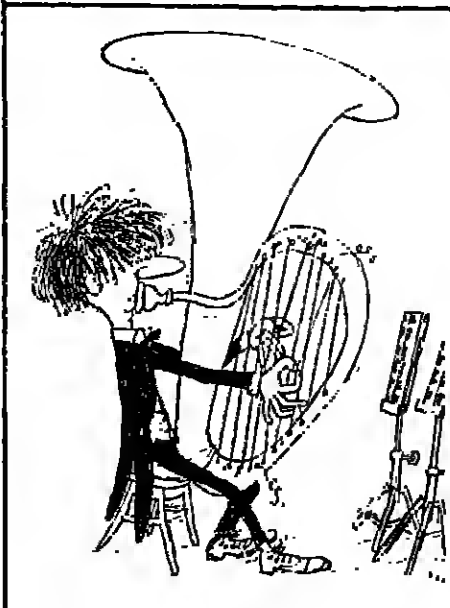


FIAT

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1983



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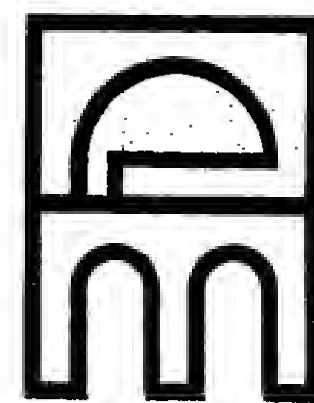
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THREE

THE DROUGHT-RIDDEN southwestern U.S. of my childhood was the happy hunting ground of the Rainmakers. In their brightly-painted wagons, filled with bits and pieces of impressive-looking laboratory equipment and an ample supply of phosphorescent rockets to provide astounding fireworks displays, these men (and occasionally women) roamed the mid states. They promised the drought-stricken farmers in Texas, Kansas and Oklahoma that they could bring rain to their parched fields... for a price.

The Rainmakers were cunning enough to operate only when there were clouds in the sky. If, after their incantations and applications, there was rain, the farmer felt himself amply rewarded. If there was only a little rain, he was told that without the Rainmaker, even that bit would not have fallen. In the many cases when there was no rain at all, the Rainmaker would promise a special, renewed effort the next day — without charge. He usually decamped that night, taking the money he had collected with him.

Jews, on the other hand, have always prayed for rain when their parched fields cried out for moisture, for, after all, that was one of the basic promises of the Almighty: "I will send you the rains in their seasons..."

And the first *Rishon Lezion*, the late Rabbi Avrahami Gagin of Jerusalem, certainly knew all the traditional prayers for rain.

One wonders just what the first *Rishon Lezion* would think about his grindsun and namesake, Prof. Avraham Gagin of the Hebrew University's Department of Meteorology. For Gagin is today not only Israel's number one rain-maker, but also the man responsible for the fact that this country is considered the most successful in the world in increasing its annual level of precipitation.

Together with Yehuda Neumann and Reuven Gavriel, who is now at the University of Rochester in the U.S., Gagin has succeeded in producing an annual rainfall increase of approximately 15 per cent over target areas. This figure, carefully checked by meteorologists and statisticians around the world, has been maintained since 1961.

Why has Israel succeeded when so many other countries, some with vastly greater budgetary resources, have failed? Gagin says that it's a matter of knowing just which clouds to seed. "We don't make rain," he says, "we simply encourage the rain-producing cloud to let down more precipitation than it ordinarily would have."

Gagin explains that when a person looks at the sky and sees dark clouds, he knows that there will probably be rain; when the clouds are white, he knows there won't. "But of course," he remarks, "all clouds are white; it's a matter of density. When the clouds are thin, then the sun shines through them and they look white. When they are dense, they appear dark, a silhouette against the lighted sky."

Israel's meteorologists, funded by Mekorot, the national water authority, have learned that the technique of cloud seeding, the injection of a fine powder of silver iodide into a cloud, works best when the cloud is dense, with a temperature of -5 to -15° Centigrade at the top of the cloud. At these temperatures a crystal of ice forms around each particle of silver iodide, and each ice crystal is an embryonic raindrop. At temperatures of 5 to 7° Centigrade,

these drops fall as rain, at colder temperatures, as sleet or snow. Using this technique they have been able to turn clouds that were potentially low rain producers into high precipitators, and have managed to get rain out of clouds that otherwise would have probably produced nothing at all.

CLOUD SEEDING is carried out by two basic methods in Israel, Gagin explains.

The first is the system of silver iodide generators, located all over Israel. The generators, called *tanourim*, or stoves, look something like a snook-stock or cannon attached to a large pressure cooker. Filled with silver iodide and acetone, they are ignited internally and throw a mist of silver iodide particles into the sky. Many a radio listener has been mystified to hear a news broadcast end with instructions to "light the stoves... or turn them off."

The second system involves seeding clouds from light aircraft which carry generators under their wings. These planes, Gagin says, fly back and forth along a predetermined line when the cloud formations are auspicious and continuously spray a fine mist of silver iodide particles into the clouds.

According to Gagin, one of the reasons why Israel has succeeded, while the U.S. has not, is that Israel depends on a system of stored water and the irrigation of fields during the dry season. In the U.S., agriculture anticipates year-round rainfall, and consequently attempts to combat drought by seeding summer clouds are singularly unsuccessful. American agriculture is simply not geared to the wide-scale irrigation of fields and crops.

During the first Israeli experiments, from 1961 to 1967, the activities of the rainmakers were a

THE RAINMAKERS

The Post's D'VORA BEN SHAUL meets Avraham Gagin, the man responsible for Israel's international success in inducing precipitation.

carefully guarded secret. No one knew how the neighbouring Arab states would react to attempts to tamper with the natural course of things. In fact, no one could even say for sure whether more rain in Israel would mean less in Jordan, Syria and Lebanon.

Once the statistics from these Middle Eastern states had been analysed by the University of Colorado, it became clear that seeded clouds which managed to drift across the political boundaries had resulted in an average increase of rainfall of some 20 per cent in regions downwind from Israel's seeding areas. Although it was hardly possible to send a rain cloud labelled "courtesy of the government of Israel," the neighbouring states were not displeased with the results.

In 1969, once most of the catchment area of the Kinneret was in Israeli-held territory, the entire operation was moved inland in order to increase rainfall over the catchment area itself. Results were the same as in the first experiment. From 1969 to 1975, precipitation increased 13 per cent over the entire target area and 18 per cent over the catchment area. This confirmed the earlier experiments to the satisfaction of scientists around the world. Every scientific experiment must, in the end, be evaluated by this jury of peers.

BUT IF the rainmakers and the government are pleased with the results, the average citizen, struggling with leaking roofs, cars that won't start, laundry that hasn't dried in a week and all the other inconveniences that accompany prolonged rainfall, is often tempted to wonder if "enough isn't enough."

Perhaps this would be the case were it not for the fact that Israel's water reserves are not only low at

the moment, but have reached what could be termed crisis levels.

Israel depends on two sources for most of its water supply: the Kinneret and the underground water that is pumped up from below the surface through artesian wells. Both of these resources are in a state of severe depletion; even after the unusually heavy rains that have fallen this year, the Kinneret is still at its lowest level in 20 years. The underground reserves are not furling any better. In some areas of the Negev and the Arava, acacia trees have died because the water table has fallen to a level where their deep roots no longer can find the necessary moisture.

Nor is it at all certain that this winter's rains, which certainly have not run off into the lake, have managed to fill up the underground reserves. The aquifers, those delicate underground channels and caverns where water accumulates, are not like a kitchen pot that can be emptied and refilled at will. Every emptying of these aquifers causes them to dry out, and as a result their fragile walls can crumble. This, in turn, leads to blockage of the smooth underground flow of water and to limited storage capacity. It can also close certain channels to the entry of fresh water, making the water that does collect there become salty, turning a once productive well into one whose water is unusable.

Given this situation, it is obvious that there can be no such thing as too much rainfall. Even when one considers the costs of flood damage, fewer tourists, disrupted electricity and telephone services and lost work days, the fact remains that all these factors are transient — but water, or the lack of it, is a permanent concern.

Another line of argument is that increased rainfall means tampering

with natural forces, and that one should leave nature alone. There is certainly a lot to be said for this point of view, and it would undoubtedly be valid if we did indeed live in a natural environment.

BUT IN ORDER to get back to a situation where everything is the way nature intended it, one would have to go back many thousands of years. There are a large number of man-made factors already at work which ultimately influence the amount of rainfall in a given area.

One of the most important of these, Gagin mentions, is deforestation and desertification. This phenomenon has been going on almost as long as human civilization, due to overgrazing on the one hand and the deforestation of land, in order to prepare fields for cultivation, on the other.

The meteorologist says that it is not enough to assume that a tropical region exists, with its vast areas of vegetation, just because there's so much rain. As it happens, there's also a lot of rain because of the existing vegetation. The large amounts of carbon dioxide emitted by the vegetation increase the amount of solar rays absorbed and result in the increased ability of water to reach the layers where clouds are formed. Denuded areas have little moisture to offer and not enough carbon dioxide to enhance the process.

Satellite photographs show that overgrazed and denuded areas have a totally different reflectivity from areas where even desert foliage abounds.

A second factor is the existence of cities and industrial complexes. Here is the classic example of "both good news and bad news." The good news, says Gagin, is that cities act very much like mountains. They generate heat, the clouds coming over them are lifted and then drop-

ped, and the increased buoyancy results in greater precipitation. This is expressed well in the Laporte anomaly. Laporte, Illinois, near Chicago, has an increased rainfall due to its steel industry.

The bad news is the effect of pollution on rain clouds. Clouds that form over a relatively clean sea, such as those that form in the South Pacific and reach Hawaii, have as few as 50 particles of solid matter per square inch. These particles form nuclei for large raindrops. Since they are few, a great deal of water attaches to each embryonic raindrop.

Clouds that form over land masses where there is a large amount of dust, however, may have as many as 1,000 particles per square inch. This is the case with clouds in the Mediterranean region. These particles are so numerous that the amount of water attaching to them is limited, and they therefore often fail to let down their load — it just isn't heavy enough. Pollution, especially when clouds pass over industrial complexes, adds further quantities of particulate and gaseous matter to the atmosphere, and further increases the number of particles around which water can collect. In this case, many clouds have so many particles that they never get heavy enough to let down precipitation unless they are assisted by the rain-makers.

IT ISN'T ONLY Israel that may benefit from the studies conducted by Gagin, his co-workers, and Mekorot. Recently, a delegation of leading meteorologists and water conservationists from South Africa came to Jerusalem for the express purpose of learning from the experts here.

The South Africans knew exactly why they were here. There's a desert in Africa that is on the march. It is growing eastwards at a rate of some 75 to 100 kilometres a year, and it is getting wider, in some areas, at an annual rate of 50 kilometres or more. This has been happening, without let-up, for some 12 years already, although the factors that triggered it off started as many as 20 years ago.

In addition to this, the rains in the southern part of the African continent have always been cyclic, and drought, real drought, is no stranger to the veld. This fact, as a new and predictable drought period approaches, coupled with the expanding desert to the north of the Republic of South Africa, is ample cause for worry. The experts were here to look for ways of increasing rainfall throughout the area.

Another project which Israel has been asked to aid is the Agridev development area in Peru. Some 60,000 square kilometres of land, at a high altitude, is dependent on water from the Andes mountains for irrigation. The Israeli company, Agridev, which is developing the area, plans to bring some 500 Peruvian settlers there this year. The area is, at the moment, undergoing a severe drought, and Gagin says that Israeli meteorologists have been asked to come at once to see what can be done to increase rainfall.

Basic research done here on clouds in the Mediterranean can also serve as guidelines for all the states in the Mediterranean basin, if they develop the technology to implement the knowledge.

Whether or not one feels good about wet feet and drippy awnings, one thing is sure: in Israel, everyone may still be talking about the weather, but there's also someone who is doing something about it. □

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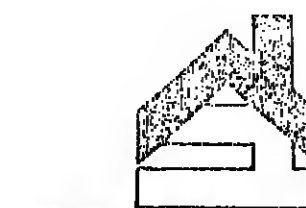
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PLEASE NOTE: New direct telephone lines to the Israel Department of Antiquities and Museums: for general information, call Marie Rettig, Tel. 02-278602-3.

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But the regulations, which went into effect on January 16, come too late for this year's Purim purchases. Most costumes already on the market have never been tested for flammability. Such tests were voluntary for Israeli manufacturers, and mandatory only for imported items, until last month's ruling.

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FOR A SUPPOSEDLY simple man, Rafael Eitan is complicated indeed. The "soldier's soldier," as he was called by Prime Minister Menachem Begin when he was appointed in April 1978, will also be remembered as a politician. The man of few words will enter the archives with perhaps more written about him than about any of his predecessors, other than Moshe Dayan. The anti-intellectual and boor, as he was and is regarded in "polite" circles, has done more for the education of the disadvantaged in Israel than many an education minister. Rafi, whose credibility has led men into battle without fear, has been called, and proven a liar. A soldier's soldier, apart from Dayan Israel's longest-serving chief of staff, forced to leave the army under a cloud of shame, but leaving it without shame.

Despite everything, Rafi is loved by the rank and file of the army. At the height of the dissension during the Lebanese war, he was received with genuine warmth by the men of the famous battalion "that was never ended up" but was in fact called up twice. If former defence minister Ariel Sharon can be believed, the battalion was on the verge of Israel's first mutiny. Eitan arrived and talked to the men from atop the tank guard of a tank. He was direct, he was genuine and he radiated Jewish strength and pride. He spoke of democracy and national duty and the right of political dissent, but outside the army.

To a man — and many of them were still hoarse from an anti-war demonstration at Tel Aviv's Kikar Melahei Yisrael a few days earlier — the battalion prepared to take West Beirut.

HOW DOES one judge a chief of staff's performance? Does one in fact have the right to, given that the effect of many crucial decisions taken now will not be felt for years? Eitan was hounded with some of the most unusual tasks ever faced by a chief of staff. He had to oversee the withdrawal from the Sinai and the rebuilding of the Negev infrastructure; he had to help steer the military-diplomatic relations developing with the Phalangists; he had to work with three ministers of defence, Begin, Ezer Weizman and Sharon, and in the case of Begin, assume many of the minister's duties as well.

It was during his tenure that Israel consolidated the quasi-independent state of Haddadland, though the process was started by those before him, and it was while he was chief of staff that Israel actively engaged the Syrians in Lebanon for the first time when, in April 1981 Israeli jets shot down Syrian helicopters at Zahle — an act that led directly to the continuing war in Lebanon.

Under Weizman, Eitan was the chief of staff whose orders of the day concentrated on the importance of peace. Under Begin, the Iraqi reactor was bombed. Under Sharon, Rafi commanded the destruction of Yamit, and Israel's war in Lebanon.

RAFUL'S FIRST actions as chief of staff led to sniggers and smirks both in the army and among the civilian population. Soldiers were ordered to wear berets and hats at all times in public. Women soldiers were told to cut their hair and remove their lipstick. Within 24 hours during January 1979, 509 soldiers were arrested and charged with being improperly dressed.

Rafael himself made the headlines when he spotted a recruit without a hat near Tel Hashomer Hospital, yelled at the soldier to put it on, and chased him when he made a dash for it. The sniggers intensified when Rafi was pictured walking around shooting ranges picking up empty shell-casings. But when he sacked the commander of Israel's elite frogman unit for a training accident at Sharm e-Sheikh, although the commander himself was in Haifa on the night of the accident, the army began to take its new C.O.S. seriously. That year, training accidents dropped by 40 per cent.

Suddenly, generals' offices became more austere. Curbs and restrictions were clamped on perks and benefits. A private beach set aside for colonels and above was handed over to the public, and IDF entertainment units were disbanded. Air Force extravaganzas became a thing of the past, and commanders were ordered to account for pennies.

The riddle of Rafi

Rafael Eitan's record as chief of staff seems full of contradictions. But it is remarkably consistent when one understands that Rafi has a clearly defined double standard, writes The Post's Defence Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN.



Eitan and Sharon: personal friction and agreement on basic strategy.

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At the same time, personal equipment was improved. Soldiers were warmer in winter, and better provisioned for doing their jobs. Thought was given to the fighting man, his training and his motivation. The basic lesson hammered home was discipline, but not at the expense of ingenuity. The goal was an efficient army, which would be perceived not only as being careful with limited public funds, but as an example to a country Rafi believed to be growing too fat and self-complacent.

THERE WERE, however, many contradictions in Rafi's behaviour. He demanded discipline yet commuted the sentences of two soldiers convicted of murder — Daniel Pinto, found guilty of murder during the Litani Operation in March 1978 and a year later Yisrael Lederman, who killed an Arab in Jerusalem in a "private act of vengeance."

He symbolized personal honesty and integrity. He sacked Tai-Aluf David Haguel for not telling the truth over an incident at Beit Jala in May 1978, and suspended navy commander Michael Brakat on suspicion of sexual assault in November of that year. Yet he was accused of lying to the Knesset Law Committee in 1979, and was known to have lied to the Israel public in September last year when he declared on television that Israel did not know that the Phalangists had entered Sabra and Shatila.

The contradictions become more understandable when one accepts that Rafi has a clearly-defined double standard. There is one standard to be applied to Jews; another to Arabs.

The chief of staff is not a racist. He simply believes that the Arabs want to destroy Israel and that in war, honesty is not always the best policy.

At his first meeting with military correspondents shortly after becoming chief of staff, Eitan held up a thick, blue folder with two red lines across one corner, indicating that the report was top secret. "This is what the... know about our navy," he said. "They know it from you. This is a country at war and the press should be part of the war effort. There is no other way if we are to survive with minimum casualties."

He was either being incredibly naive or incredibly sophisticated, we could not work out which. Whichever it was, he had made his point. But this did not protect Rafi himself from a critical press, which grew more critical than ever as the war in Lebanon progressed, and as his statements about the necessity for retaining Judea, Samaria and Gaza, coupled with his overt support for those who settle the land, became more frequent.

Despite the criticism, Rafi maintained a good, even cordial, working relationship with the press. He so disdained before becoming chief of staff. He seemed to enjoy sparring with military correspondents. "I'm sorry I'm late for this meeting," he apologized one day last month. "But while I was flying here I noticed some mushrooms and landed to pick some for all of you. By the way, they're the poisonous kind."

But he needed the press to put his opinions across to the public and therefore was open to interviews (interestingly, only with the Hebrew press. He didn't care much what they thought outside).

His WORKING relationship with Ariel Sharon was also ambiguous. It is no secret that Rafi and Arik, while agreeing that the Arabs are not to be trusted and that might is right, have no love for each other. Their dislike goes back to the Mifla Pass during the Sinai Campaign, when Rafi and three other paratroop officers told Sharon that they had lost confidence in his leadership.

Sharon inherited Rafi at a time when the latter enjoyed Begin's, and the army's unconditional support. The minister tried to circumvent Rafi and the general staff by creating an independent general staff within the Defence Ministry — Avraham Tamir's office for national assessment. Sharon's demand for defence centralization under the minister's direct control was suspected by Eitan as being politically motivated.

There was a natural tension between the two men born out of their vastly different personal styles and values. Sharon likes big farms, big cars, good hotels, excellent food and expensive company. Rafi shuns all of that. Sharon is accused, correctly, of not visiting the wounded and comforting the bereaved. Rafi treats the army as an extended family, always making it a point in the field to know junior officers. Rafi's door is open to the most humble of servicemen; his concern over small personal problems is as genuine as his concern over big ones.

But Rafi and Sharon cooperated on the big picture. Eitan's army implemented Sharon's strong-arm policy in the administered territories, with Eitan personally giving the instructions for banishment, mass arrests, and detention of relatives of those suspected of Palestinian nationalism — not only terror. Eitan's army executed move after move in the unfolding reality of Lebanon, balking only at entry into West Beirut, and this mainly due to the doubts being openly expressed by senior cabinet and defence officials. Eitan sided with Sharon in ignoring most of the advice given by intelligence chief Yehoshua Saguy, and on countless occasions gave Sharon's demands IDF blessing by supporting him in the Knesset and the cabinet.

SHARON suited Rafi, and Rafi suited Sharon. The relationship was almost symbiotic. Their intense mutual dislike was set aside for what they both believe are the most important goals of maximum security, maximum independence and maximum territory, and their minimal respect for factors other than those military.

BOTH men knew that fate had thrown them together at what they considered was an historic time in Israel's development. Rafi's appointment as chief of staff took many by surprise. Ever since he reached the position of company commander, the pundits had been saying that the "one-dimensional soldier" would go no further. Sharon's becoming defence minister was just as unexpected. Both men made it despite the odds against them, and both men saw their selection as a mandate to implement their ideas.

Sharon and Rafi often differed on day-to-day matters such as the defence budget, but agreed on strategy. They share a deep distrust of outsiders — the U.S., UNIFIL, the UN — and a lack of respect for diplomats. They are both inwardly quite pleased when the foreign media refer to Israel as Sparta. Nor are they unhappy that the world has come to realize that, in matters of defence Israel carries out its declared intentions, however improbable they may sound.

BUT THERE is similarity between the two men ends. Rafi accepted the findings of the Kahan Commission with grace, asking only that those senior officers implicated by the report be allowed to speak before the cabinet. His order of the day, published soon after the government decided to implement the commission's findings (at least with regard to the military establishment) was profoundly different from Ariel Sharon's public statements. The army would not only accept the government's decision, but will learn the lessons of the commission's findings, he said. "The IDF will prove that it has the ability to withstand criticism and draw painful conclusions."

Rafil published the special order of the day on his own initiative. He did so because he knew that only an authoritative statement from him personally could avert dissension within the ranks. And only a unified IDF could face the enemy he believes to be waiting for the opportunity to strike.

Sharon's farewell was a warning that his dismissal had left Israel's deterrent capability flawed, the country weaker. Rafi and Sharon may meet again, probably as political allies on the right of the political fence. Rafi in politics? you ask. There's a good chance. Over the past five years he apparently has grown to enjoy the prestige of his position. His popularity among the people, though not among the intellectuals, has not left him untouched. He believes that he is young enough and vibrant enough to continue influencing the nation's progress along paths that he considers important. He told an audience in Jerusalem this week that he believes Israel is "on the brink." Given the increasingly violent public debate, the country's very survival is in the balance.

Somehow, the thought of Rafi complacently retiring to his carpentry shop at Tel Adashim come mid-April while the country hovers on the brink is not consistent with his character. And no matter what one may say about Rafi, he is consistent. He will continue to fight for the Jews, and continue to fight the Arabs. He may choose to do this politically or through public service. It is almost certain, however, that he won't be retiring in order to write books, either about his own deeds or about those of others.

FOR THE PERSON who has just phoned for an ambulance, a second is an hour and a minute is a day. Even in non-emergency situations, that feverish delusion, fed by impatience, can almost drive you mad.

Take the telephone instrument itself. You pick up the receiver to call your banker or broker, your doctor or daughter, your lawyer or landlord. According to the laws of technology, the dialling tone should come on before you can get the receiver to your ear. For those sound waves travel at 331 metres per second, and the electrical energy that drives those waves comes to your receiver from your telephone exchange at an even faster clip — 299,792 kilometres per second.

Why, then, do you sometimes have to wait up to six maddening minutes before getting a dialling tone? Then, when you begin dialling, you cannot make it past the third digit before that irrational "busy" signal puts an end to your efforts. Or you do get through all the digits, and then there is no ring at the other end.

WE KNOW a man in Jerusalem who likes to play one of the stock markets overseas. Recently, his broker in Tel Aviv called with news of a very attractive issue, and also quoted the up-to-the-minute price of the stock (which he read off the screen of his Reuter Monitor machine).

The grateful client said he would call back in a few minutes with an order; first he would have to check his bank balance. He checked his balance. It looked fine. So he hurried back to the phone to call his broker and place his order. At this point, telephone misfortune overtook economic opportunity. Our friend just sat there for about five minutes, receiver in hand, waiting for the dialling tone. When it finally came and he reached his broker, the price of the shares had advanced considerably, and he had to add tens of thousands of shekels to the purchase price.

Here was a case of money being lost because of a delay in getting a dialling tone. Scores of Israeli businessmen could add stories of their own about lost sales, here and abroad, because of a shortage of proper telephone service to their plants. Telephone troubles not only hurt the pocketbook; they also fray too many nerves.

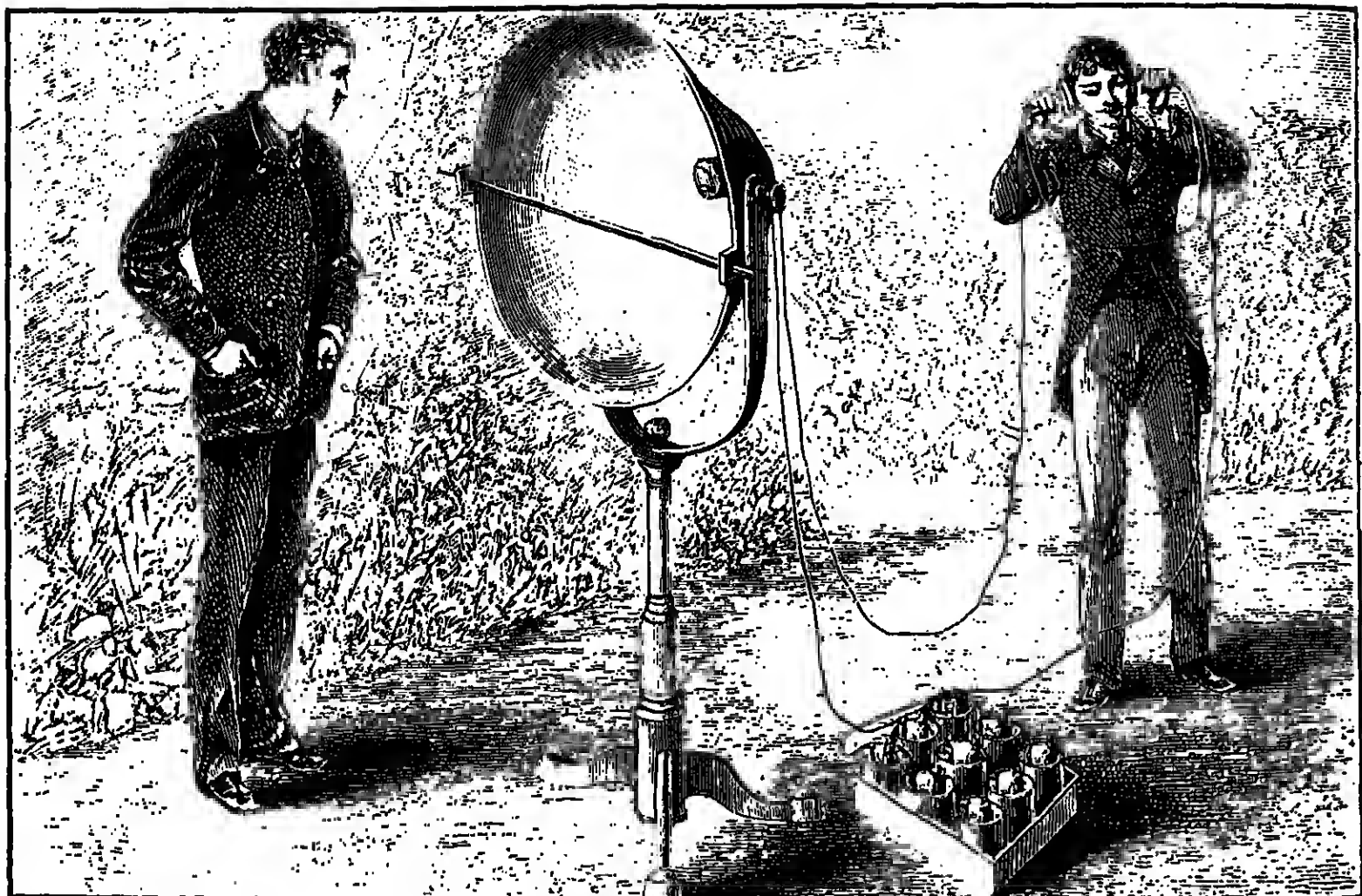
ARE TELEPHONE troubles more common in Israel than elsewhere? We recently asked that question at this country's "Mr. Telecommunications" — Ya'akov Siev, director of engineering services at the Ministry of Communications.

"Right now, our breakdown rate is similar to that of Britain, which is not bad — though that position is beginning to deteriorate," he replied. "Naturally, there will always be service faults in a telephone system, especially one growing as fast as ours."

"The problem of delayed dialling tones which seems to bother you so much is not due to a basic technological weakness in our telephone network infrastructure. In fact, that delay is felt only in neighbourhoods served by our most modern exchanges, neighbourhoods such as Jerusalem's Ramot Eshkol, Givat Hamivtar and French Hill. Those exchanges are equipped with what we call 'common equipment signal routing apparatus.' When the exchange is overloaded, these machines suffer from abnormal seizures and you must wait your turn till the scanner locates a clear

AARON SITTNER asks what's wrong with Israel's telephone service, and is told that many of the troubles are by-products of the system's rapid expansion.

PHONE PERILS



circuit and gives you a dialling tone.

"Trouble is, we do not have enough of these machines, which offer certain important technological advantages over the simple point-to-point connections common in older exchanges. When it comes to handling calls from one city to another, or to and from another country, under normal conditions, the equipment in the older exchanges cannot come even close

to the 'common equipment apparatus.'"

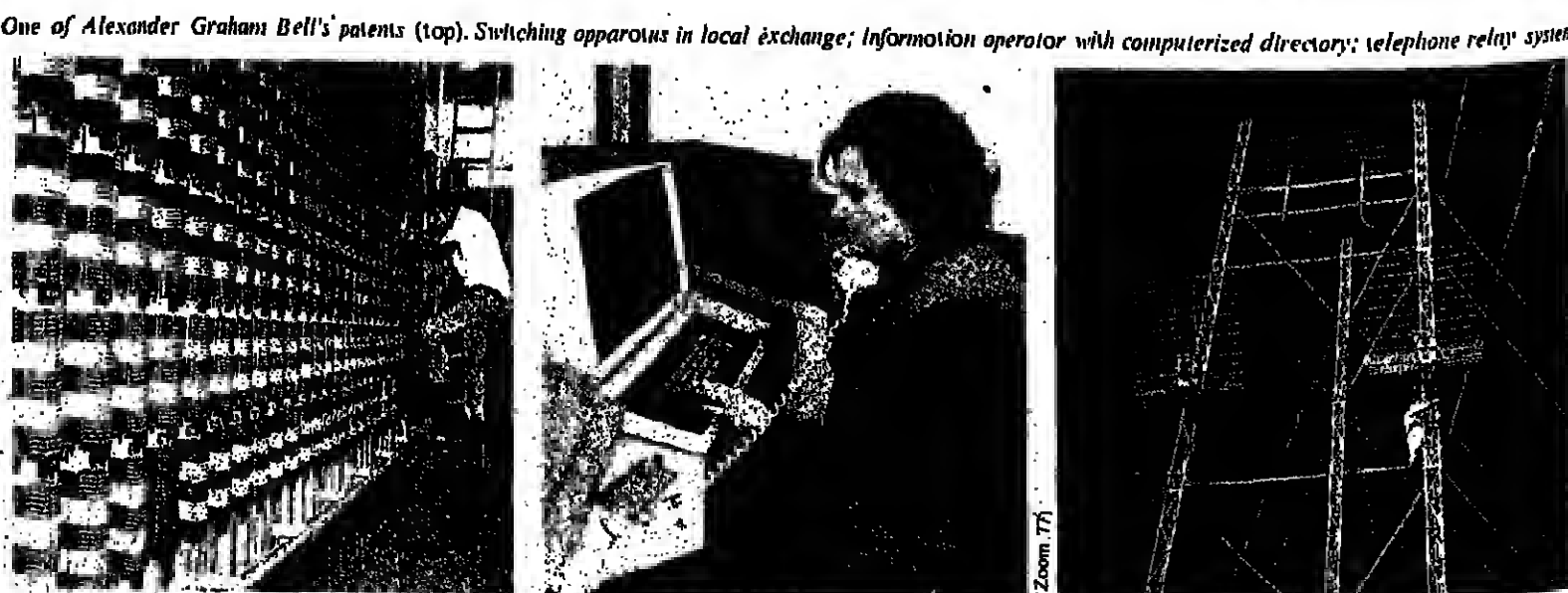
Since this particular problem is solely the result of a shortage of equipment, Siev promises relief "in a few months." Until then, residents of neighbourhoods served by older types of exchanges will continue to enjoy immediate dialling tones, though their access to inter-urban trunk lines will not be as good as in newer localities.

The problem of an inadequate telephone service in this country is very similar to the problem of an inadequate bus service. Attractive new suburbs, such as Jerusalem's Ramot, are built up rapidly, complete with schools, banks, other public facilities and even shopping centres.

But Egged, holder of the public transport monopoly, is so dilatory that a suburb which should

be thriving within a year is still asleep and not even half-populated after three or four years. Factory owners at the Capital's Atarot Industrial Zone say their complex could be a vibrant economic force were it not being retarded by the lack of bus service.

The similar situation with regard to telephones is acknowledged by Siev, though he says quite frankly: "Our nationwide problem of inade-



One of Alexander Graham Bell's patents (top). Switching apparatus in local exchange; information operator with computerized directory; telephone relay system

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

11:11 SERIES — Recital with Ehud Gerlich, double bass; Vered Michaeli, piano. Works by Bach, Mendelssohn, Mozart and others. (Tzavta, King George Street, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Hap Segal, conductor with Ruben Wehler, Caposanto, soprano; Mira Zukat, alto; Alexander Oliver, tenor; Peter Savidge, baritone and the Philharmonic Choir of Cologne, J.S. Bach, Mass in B Minor. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Hofnung Concert for Purim. Details as for Tel Aviv. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday.)

'CHAMBER MUSIC' — with Cella Gotsmeyer, soprano; Avia Litvsky, alto; Rina Kaminkovsky, violin; Yuval Kaminkovsky, violin and viola; Elizabeth Roloff, organ. Works by Bach, Handel, Zuckert, Holman and Nodch. (Reuemer Church, Old City Thursday at 8.00 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

CAMERAN SINGERS — Avner Itai, conductor. Works by Handel, Monteverdi, Brahms, Kodaly etc. (Tel Aviv University, Eastech Auditorium, Mexico Building, tonight at 9.00 p.m.)

11:11 SERIES — Members of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra plays music for Purim. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Hofnung Concert specially for Purim. Programme includes Concerto for Garden Hose and Orchestra, Lloyd's Surprise Symphony with even more surprises, etc. etc. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday.)

A PURIM EVENING OF WINE AND SONG — Avner Itai, conductor with the Rina National Choir. Stanley Sperber, conductor. Gid Aldema, Nahum Meir, Rachel Cochavi

and other guests with Audience participation. (Tzavta, Sunday from 8.30 p.m.)

TRIO CAMERATA — Plays works by S. Granich, Schumann, Debussy and Brahms. (Sha'ar Zion Library, Beit Ariela, Auditorium, 25 Sderot Shaul Homelach, Wednesday.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Bach, Mass in B Minor. Details as for Jerusalem. (Mann Auditorium, Thursday.)

Haifa

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Bach, Mass in B Minor. Details as for Jerusalem. (Haha Auditorium, Thursday.)

Other Towns

CHAMBER MUSIC — Special Musical Matinee with Natalie-Tal Olizer, harp; Yehudi Lieberman, harp and piano; Dan-Lesley Glazer, cello; Shaleh Ad-El, flute. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai Cafe, 57 Ushishkin Street, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

RECITAL — Michael Haran, cello; and Ipin Rechtenman, piano play works by Boccherini, Schubert and Beethoven. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai Cafe, tomorrow.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Bach, Mass in B Minor. Details as for Jerusalem. (Kipart, Ben Shean Local Council, Monday; Kfar Sava, Yot Lehamim, Wednesday.)

NETANYA ORCHESTRA — Stanley Sperber, conductor, choir of the Rubin Academy, Subscription Concert No. 6. Works by Mendelssohn, Mozart and Brahms. (Netanya, Wingate Institute, Herschelit Auditorium, Tuesday.)

HOLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Raffi Primo, conductor. Works by Nikolai, Camerun, Schubert, J. Strauss, Anderson etc. (Holon, Kiyat Shariel, Matnas, Wednesday.)

THE VOICE OF CHOIRS — Cameron Singers with the Rina National Choir. Stanley Sperber, conductor. Works by Schubert, Brahms, Kodaly, Gavrili etc. (Beersheba Conservatorium, Wednesday.)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2.00 p.m.)

FLIC THE TERROR — A play for children aged 5 and over. (Karon Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, today at 2.00 p.m.)

THE KING AND THE VISITOR — Play for children aged 4 and over. (Karon Theatre, Sunday and Monday at 11.00 a.m.)

THE INDIAN MARIONETTES — for children aged 3 and over. Special guest performance of Marionettes from India in a programme of traditional dancing, snake charmer, camel riders and more. (Karon Theatre, Sunday and Monday at 4.00 and 5.00 p.m.)

MOTEX — Operetta for children. (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.)

PURIM AT THE ISRAEL MUSEUM — Voted programme includes Pablo Anel in Smiles without Words (Israel Museum, Monday between 10.00 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.)

SIMPLE PEOPLE — Special programme for children aged 4 and over. (Karon Theatre, Sunday and Monday at 10.00 a.m.)

SALE OF COOKING — For children aged 4 and over. (Karon Theatre, Sunday and Monday at Midday.)

WHO? WHAT? — A STORY IS BORN — Premiere of children's musical play, presented by the Jerusalem Drama Workshop. Written and Produced by Adno Tal. (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer, Monday, 10.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

FROM LEAH GOLOBERG WITH LOVE — Yuvai Theatre production (Yuvai 4, Rehov Hoveim, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

PURIM HAPPENING — Jazz, Magic, Balloon Games, Costumes. "Onel Haman" and more surprises. (Beit Lessin, 34 Rehov Wolzmann, tomorrow at 11.00 a.m.)

A STAR IN THE CLOUDS — Musical play for children by Benny Form, ages 6-12. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday, at 11.00 a.m. and Monday at 11.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m.)

Haifa

YIFTAH HAMELUCHLACH — Dirty Yillah. — A musical for children. (Neve Sha'anani, Amami, tomorrow at 11.00 a.m.)

Other Towns

BUMBA GATZ — Original musical by Arik Strum performed by The Wooden Puppets. (Mahamin, Beit Ha'am, Monday at 4.00 p.m.)

EVERYONE'S A CLOWN — Sunflower Theatre production with Irit Yegar and Sam Kleinman. (Kiryat Out, Matnas, Monday at 11.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m.)

PETER AND THE WOLF — Children's play with music by Prokofiev. For ages 5-12. (Kfar Yehzekiel, Beit Ha'am, tomorrow at 5.00 p.m.; Nuzareth, Nurit, Sunday at 10.30 a.m.; Afiko, Chen, Sunday at 4.00 p.m.)

YIFTAH HAMELUCHLACH — Dirty Yillah. — A musical for children. (Kiryat Shmona, Monday at 11.00 a.m.)



Fernando Ramos da Silva as the ten-year-old juvenile delinquent in Hector Babenco's Brazilian film "Pixote"

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BLOW THEM UP — A Khan Theatre production. (Khan Theatre, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BRURIA — Gabriella Lev and Ruth Wilder in a controversial, contemporary presentation by Alisa Lihon-Israeli of the life of a dramatic, passionate woman, based on the original Talmudic and Midrashic sources. Directed by Joyce Miller. (Khan, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

ENCHANTED NIGHT — By Narozbek. Directed by Nadia Ofrit. (Karon Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

GIMPLE TAM — Khan Theatre production, musical comedy based on the story by I. Bashev. (Beit Ha'am, Tuesday at 10.00 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MAGICAL NIGHT — Two friends have the same dream about the same woman. (Karon Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

AMADEUS — By Peter Shaffer, Cameri

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (King David Hotel, Sunday at 9.00 p.m.; Diplomat Hotel, Monday at 9.00 p.m.; Windmill Hotel, Tuesday, at 9.00 p.m.; Hilton, Little Theatre, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

CLASSICAL GUITAR — With Yoel Akiron. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yot Salomon, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

DIASPORA YESHIVA BAND in a special Purim Concert. (M. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zorba the Buddha, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

JAZZ — Dan Matlow, piano; Sam Oldstone, trumpet; Eri Heller, bass. (Kaly's Restaurant, 15 Ruvia, today from 2.00 to 5.00)

JAZZ EVENING — With Haim Kahtan, piano; Tal Bergman, drums; Haim Romano, guitar; Yossi Fein, bass. (Pargod Theatre, 94 Rehov Bezalet, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

LATIN JAZZ MUSIC — Soul music (Tzavta, 38 King George St., tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

production. (Cameri, tomorrow and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

BED KITCHEN BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dina Doron. Written by Dario Fo and Franca Rame, directed by Ilan Eldad and translated by Ada Ben Nachum. (Beit Harofe, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

GOOD — By C.P. Taylor. Cameri production directed by Ilan Ronen. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — By Hillel Milteipunkl. Habimah production. (Habimah, tomorrow, 7.00 and 9.30 p.m.)

THE MEGILLA — A special production by the Yuvai Theatre of the Yiddish Musical by Yizik Manger. Hebrew by Haim Tefei, with Avramel Mor, Sassu Koshet, Sari Zuniel, Yankele Ben Sima, Osmel Wishanski and Avi Dor. (Beit Hahayal, tomorrow and Sunday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — by Jonathan Gefen. Directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

A JEWISH SOUL — By Yehoshua Sobol. Haifa Theatre production. (Habima, Large Hall, Sunday at 8.30 p.m. and Monday at 7.00 and 9.30 p.m.)

Haifa

MIKE GARSON — With his trio and guests. (Jerusalem Theatre, in the foyer on Tuesday and Thursday at 10.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — With the Megama Duo. (Israel Centre, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

NAZARE PEREIRA and her group performs music from Brazil. (Binyan Ha'uma, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

PERSONAL LITERARY EVENING — With poet Dalia Rabikovitsh and Shelley Elkayam. Prof. Adi Zernach, chairman, also participating. Ruhama Raz, Alon Ben-Moshe and Michael Eshel. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

PURIM SPIEL — In English. Entrance free. (Hilton, main lobby, Monday at 5.00 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

AGURA GROUP — Performs Latin-American and Jazz — Rock music (Meadon Shubul Ditzengoff Center, tomorrow at midnight.)

HASHABUL IS ONE-YEAR-OLD — Birthday celebration and Purim party with Tony Ray, Ariel Zilbar, the Hill Billies and more. (Meadon Shubul, tonight at midnight.)

NOISES OFF — By Michael Frayn. Cameri production. (Cameri Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — with Gidi Gov, Yoni Rechter, Shlomo Bar-Abba, Shlomo Yidov, Momi Moshonov. (Beit Hahayal, Sunday at 9.00 p.m.)

Haifa

NOISES OFF — By Michael Frayn. Cameri Theatre production. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, tomorrow at 6.45 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.)

Other Towns

BED KITCHEN BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dina Doron. Written by Dario Fo and Franca Rame, directed by Ilan Eldad and translated by Ada Ben Nachum. (Netanya, Beit Remez, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

KING SOLOMON AND THE COBBLER — Israeli classic musical. (Holon, Kiyat Shariel, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; Arad, Orot, Sunday at 9.30 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — Details as for Tel Aviv. (Holon, Rinn, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

PLENTY — Play by David Hare, translated by Yoram Lorch. Beersheba Municipal Theatre (Beersheba, Beit Ha'am, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Jerusalem

JAZZ EVENING — With Dani Gottfried and Friends. (Shobal, Monday at midnight)

MIKE GARSON AND HIS TRIO — and guests. (Hilton, today at 2.00 p.m.; Habonim Sunday at 9.30 and 11.45 p.m.)

NAZARE PEREIRA and her group with music from Brazil. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday and Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE PLAYFUL BUNNY — Lively entertainment with Chana Lazo. (Asinor Hotel, Monday and Thursday at 8.00 p.m.)

PURIM MARATHON — Purim Times Three. Beit Lessin has just above everything for a great Purim celebration, with Israel Garton, Julian Chagrin, Dori Ben-Zeev and more, clowning, pantomime, music films and much. (Sherraton, Reflections, Club, tonight and tomorrow at 10.00 p.m.)

PURIM PARTY — Festive decorations, circus theme, masks provided, lots of music to set your feet dancing. \$15 entrance fee which includes first drink. Daniel Haimon and mask. (Sherraton, Reflections, Club, tonight and tomorrow at 10.00 p.m.)

(Continued on page C)

Starring rolls

DANCE / Dora Sowden

SPRING will be festival time in Jerusalem. This was announced by Yishai Amrami, director of the Jerusalem Theatre, at a meeting of dance lovers at the American Cultural Center on Rehov Keren Hayesod on February 15.

First visitors from abroad will be the Swiss group Mummenschanz (Chance Game), who are hard to describe. You have to see them to believe them. They are known all over the world for their fantastic combination of mime, puppetry, masks (and masque), costumes and miscellaneous including everything from toilet rolls to party whistles. The bodies are as plastic in movement as the materials they use. The wordless zinniness delights children; the implied meanings are for adults.

The provisional Jerusalem dates for Mummenschanz are March 23 and 24. The dates for other centres have yet to be announced.

THIS WILL be only the beginning of a rich season of dance, during which we shall have at least one visiting company a month besides performances by Israeli companies. Then in July-August will come the Israel Festival, which according to rumour, will offer several major dance events, with a possible visit from the prestigious San Francisco Ballet.

Amrami mentioned also that the American Ballet Comedie will be coming (Jerusalem dates April 2, 3,

4). This company is more balletic than the Mummenschanz, deriving its humour largely from satirizing ballet proper — by doing it expertly but with comic effect. A Parisian paper called it "Hellzapoppin' of Dance," a Berlin paper "a choreographic blow-torch," and a New York paper "a glorious mess of inspired lunacy."

May-June will bring *Pilobulus* (already announced in these columns). So there is much to look forward to.

AS PART of the February 15 meeting at the ACC, David Eden, director of the Dance Library that is part of the Central Library for Music and Dance in Tel Aviv, introduced a programme of dance films with a brief survey of modern dance from Isadora Duncan to Twyla Tharp. He has announced that on the International Day of Dance, April 28, there will be a non-stop run of films at the Jerusalem Cinemathèque (which houses the Dance Library film archives). One of these films will be of Pavlova doing a dance created by Isadora Duncan — but on toe-shoes. The Dance Library has 300 films, and Eden will shortly go to the United States to acquire more material, such as films of baroque dance.

INEVITABLY, Rina Schenfeld is the star of her show. When she appeared at the Jerusalem Theatre on



Two performers from the Swiss company Mummenschanz

February 14 with her Dance Theatre Workshop, she danced three solos that were clearly "dance theatre" and the first half, in which her group appeared, was obviously "workshop."

The secret of her performance was that every move counted: every shake of finger, step forward and back, pause and pose. Her solo with long poles was a riveting study in balance and grace. Her flirtation with a plastic prop, that could be a balloon or a gown, was a bubble of fantasy and charm. Her choreography with boxes was more obscure, but she kept interest going because, whatever the purpose, the dancing looked purposeful.

That couldn't be said of the group dancing, set to the silly words and sounds of Philip Glass's "Einstein on the Beach"; but "workshop" is a disarming word, implying mostly that the presentation is a project in process. So the critic must remain disarmed.

WHAT PLEASURE can be provided by dance with live music was well illustrated by the Israel Chamber Orchestra with dancer Deanna Blacher at the Tel Aviv Museum on February 16. They brought delight to a hall full of children and adults (twice on the same day) in a programme devoted to Spanish rhythms.

Conductor Arieh Vardi explained the use of castanets and Blacher demonstrated how they worked and how they sounded in close association with music by Corelli and Scarlatti. Few performers are as expert as she is in handling the little wooden "drums" in speed and volume changes. Even when the orchestra and castanets were not absolutely synchronized, there was coordination in line and "language."

On a special floor laid at one side of the stage, Blacher also performed Spanish dances in regional and flamenco forms. Her choreography was understandably limited to the size of the area and the extent of the programme — which included also songs by Miriam Zukai and a choir of the prettiest girls who ever came out of school, the Efron Choir of the Einak Hefher High School (directed by Muyn Shavit).

With music from Manuel de Falla's *El Amor Brujo* (Love the Magician), the dancer showed how dramatic Spanish dance could be, but most bewitching was her performance accompanied by the choir singing. Indeed, the audience called for an encore. By then the girls were sitting in the auditorium; but when conductor Vardi signalled to them, they sang charmingly from where they were.

Seldom has such an engaging performance been packed into one hour.

TIMI KEADAR, dancer of Japanese styles, will give a performance in Jerusalem, in the small hall of the Binyanei Ha'uma on March 1. She will be accompanied by Ruth Manyani (harp), Amir Sela (flute) and Rahal Bar-Tenz (reader). Proceeds will go to funds supported by the Lions Club. □

Brain waves

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

EVERYBODY likes to open a package and it is perhaps this that motivated the chefs of Tel Aviv's Carlton Pentia Hotel at a luncheon for the press last week. Among the dishes served were potato soup in a potato, chicken in a melon and apple mousse in — you guessed it — an apple.

Officially, the luncheon was in honour of chef Gad Flamm, who won a prize at an international competition at Purdue University in the U.S. and sous-chef Avi Steinberg, one of the semi-finalists in the young chefs' contest recently held in Tel Aviv. Unofficially, it was an indication that dedicated hotel people love to work, even when the cold winds are blowing and there are few paying guests around.

The meal started with a dish which has become something of a classic at dinners for those who appreciate good food: bruns on a bed of spinach. While the rest of the world is going "Ugh," we, whose palates have become so jaded that we recoil at the thought of a good steak, can think of nothing better than brains, despite any unfortunate comparison. As for spinach, it is one of those foods to which you cannot be indifferent. Either you love it or you hate it.

Here, the spinach was made a bit more interesting by the addition of

chopped dates, thus cutting its sharp taste. This, said Flamm, was to highlight the dish as an example of "Israeli cuisine," which he stoutly maintains does exist. Your humble reporter argued that a cuisine that exists only in hotel kitchens does not exist at all. Notwithstanding this point of view, I enjoyed the dish immensely.

ACCORDING to the recipes distributed by the hotel, the dish was made with veal brains, but it would seem to me that to make the dish at home, you could use the frozen beef brains sold in many supermarkets. One brain would be enough for four, if it was to be a first course, or for two for a main dish.

Defrost the meat thoroughly. Put it into boiling water for a few minutes to make it firm. Remove and soak for a few hours in cold water to which you have added the juice of a lemon. Cut the brain into slices, dip in flour and egg and fry.

Meanwhile, you should have prepared about a kilo of spinach by washing it well and plunging it for a moment into boiling water before chopping it. You should also have pitted and mashed a few dates.

In a pan, fry a chopped onion and add the spinach. Season with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg and a little garlic. Mix in the dates.



Carlton Pentia Hotel chefs Gad Flamm (right) and Avi Steinberg.

Serve the bruns on a bed of hot spinach, with half a date on top for decoration.

As for the potato soup, I doubt very much if most people would care to use a whole potato as a container, impressive as such an item is when served professionally. But for those who are interested, the potato is baked for just 12 minutes in a hot

oven, enough to make it hot, but not enough to really cook it. Just to make it all a bit less conventional there were some little persimmon balls floating in the soup.

CLEARLY, the dish of which Flamm was proudest was the main course, which he has even named, after himself, "God's melon rain-

bow." The combination of the cool melon and the hot meat was, indeed, very tempting and, with just a slight variation, it can easily be made at home.

True, melons are not exactly selling at bargain prices these days, but the inclement weather should not make us forget that spring is just around the corner. Meanwhile, I would suggest substituting grapefruit halves.

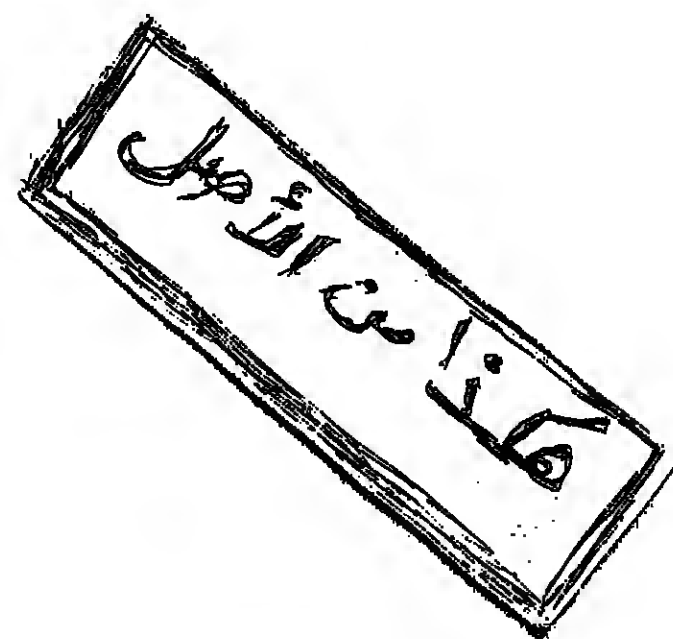
Cut the melon (or grapefruit) decoratively in half in a zigzag pattern. Scoop out the fruit and set aside. In a pan, lightly fry a boned breast of chicken which has been cut into strips, together with a chopped onion. Season well with soup powder, salt and pepper.

Continuing to fry, add a handful of whole, stuffed olives and about a cup of sliced mushrooms. At this point, Flamm adds demi-glace, the thick concentrate of meat stock which is a standby in fine restaurant cooking. In its absence, I would suggest a little sweet red wine.

Continue cooking and add about a cup of steamed rice and a handful of shelled pistachio nuts. At the last minute, add the melon balls (or grapefruit segments) and arrange the mixture in the fruit halves. Serve on a bed of lettuce.

This dish went well with a very original salad of finely sliced fennel, the bulbous, celery-like plant with a faint taste of aniseed that bewilders many of those who frequent the local markets in winter. The fennel, mixed with sliced fresh sweet red pepper, was served with a dressing of vinegar, lemon and sugar. For my part, I would have added a few drops of olive oil. □

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Just around the corner from the Central Bus Station, you will discover Shoshana's Restaurant and Deli-catessen, run by Shoshana who happens to be an incredible cook. The kosher menu reflects a refined palate: happily, too, her Yarmenite heritage is apparent. The first course is "mamulaim," the true Middle Eastern specialties that range from "kubeh" to "cigares."

Shoshana outdoes herself on second course offerings, such as pot roast or tongue cooked with plums. Fruit plays a large part in the menu: schnitzel with raisins, pineapple, apple and apricot. For those less enamored with fruit, a variety of vegetables, grilled meat or meat-filled blintzes are excellent choices.

Order the stuffed dates for dessert. They are filled with walnuts, then cooked and covered in a honey and nutmeg sauce — a veritable taste of the Garden of Eden. In addition, Shoshana caters for all occasions. For a truly memorable family or business event, call Shoshana. Shoshana's Restaurant and Deli-catessen, at 2 Moriah Street, is open Sunday to Thursday, noon to 10 pm. For reservations, call (02) 638064.

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THE PEOPLE of the Talmud live a strange and intense life in our imagination. Although the laconic, fragmented and associative Talmudic text rarely describes a character in any detail, never giving us a formal portrait in words, its pages are full of incidents, dialogues, encounters, tragic and comic, trivial and fateful, which leave a strong impression of the personality of the participants. Men of learning argue and needle each other on the roads around Lod and Tiberias; they participate in the dramas of revolution, haggling in the market, tread the thin ice of debate with tough Romans and flee the hangman and their wives with equal bravery.

This combination of incidents (no long stories, no elaborate plots) and personalities (opinionated, witty, sharp-tongued) is a challenge to the reader. The gaps in the stories invite us to fill them with our own fantasies; the lack of detail calls on us

Text in context

THEATRE / Zvi Jagendorf

to create it in our heads.

This is perhaps what yeshiva students did over the centuries when they relaxed between bouts of mental gymnastics. They recreated Akiva and Tarfon, Meir and Gamliel as characters in exciting dramas in a land of sunshine and palms. For them that land was a country of the mind; for us it is where we are, and that is one reason why the play *Bruria*, which can be seen now in Jerusalem and elsewhere, is no fantasy nor an exercise of the merely historical imagination.

Acted with almost religious commitment and great skill by Gabriella Lev and Ruth Wieder, it is a success-

ful attempt to cast into dramatic relief the passionate and tragic aspects of a text which tells of pain, shame and martyrdom in almost as cool a way as it speaks of law.

THE PLAY is based on a collage of stories about Rabbi Meir, his forceful and learned wife Bruria, and the suffering of their family in the Roman persecutions. The play makes no attempt to weave its separate stories into a plot, nor does its method allow for the creation of characters in any traditional way. The two actresses narrate in Hebrew and Aramaic, chant, speak dialogue and comment on the events they are acting out. They are

at once modern witnesses to scenes of dilemma and suffering preserved in an ancient puzzling text and the people in those scenes, making the decisions and taking the consequences.

Unlike last year's Khan production, *The Whys of the Jews*, in which a clear political interpretation forced the story, the full of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple, to bear a modern significance, *Bruria* avoids obvious interpretations. There is no hindsight here, no modish moralizing. But there is interesting and thought-provoking contradiction. Bruria surrenders to God's will when her two sons die, and teaches her husband the lesson of acceptance. But the same woman surrenders to the sexual pestering of Meir's student, spurred on by his master in order to prove a misogynist's view of woman's fickleness.

Joyce Miller's clear and intellectually honest production never

lets us off the hook by giving us answers. We have to make the connections. We have to ask "Why?" — of Bruria, of Meir, and of God.

The play is so moving and suggestive because it puts before us a set of passionate actions which bring into relief a historical moment and some of the people unlucky enough to be born to taste its bitterness. It has no theory about history, nor does it judge the people. It simply uncovers moments, incidents and encounters as they are set down in the terse, beautiful language of the Mishnah, (the text was put together by Alisa Elion Israeli, and, making no compromises, lets us see them on the stage).

Bruria, which won second prize at the last Acute Festival, is proof that the sharpness and beauty of old texts need not be vulgarized by a modern stage treatment. I think Bruria might have liked the show — if Meir had let her go. Go. □

Joni come lately

ROCK, ETC. / Madeline L. Kind

AT THE ripe old age of 41 it's not surprising that Joni Mitchell tends to look back a bit in her new album, *Wild Things Run Fast* (CBS). But the good news is she isn't content just to wallow in nostalgia. Both musically and in terms of her lyrics, she keeps on truckin' in search of new expressions and another roll on the dice of romance.

The nostalgia is affectionately dispensed in the opener, "Chinese Cafe," where Mitchell recalls feeding dimes into the juke box to hear "Unchained Melody" again and again, and she glides from her own good melody to that one very effectively. Later she gives an equally affectionate reading to "Ba-

by I Don't Care," one of the best Lieber-Stoller songs that Elvis ever recorded.

But the concentration is on the now and the next. Joni's "jazzy" numbers, backed by Wayne Shorter's soprano sax, sometimes work and sometimes don't, but fans will certainly be pleased with such quintessential Mitchellessque songs as the title track, "You Dream Flat Tires," and especially, "Man to Man." The closer is a bit of a dare, since "Love" is simply a rip from the biblical book of Corinthians, but the pleas and platitudes make an effective coda to the album. In all, a package as mixed-up as its subject — love — but lovely all the same.

IF KIM CARNES is the female answer to Rod Stewart, then the female answer to David Bowie — if it isn't Bowie himself — just might be Kate Bush. In any event, her newie, *The Dreaming* (CBS), demonstrates the sort of wild theatricality and vocal inventiveness that fans of Bowie, if not Bowie himself, should well envy.

The album in fact is Bush's most interesting to date, no less quirky than her earlier work, but thematically more controlled and clever. Her lyrics remain funny and surreal, her melodies complex, and her voice has dropped much of that cloying Tippi Shavit *shik* in favour of a surprising range of devices.

The first three songs here ("Set in Your Lap," "There Goes a Tenner" and "Pull Out the Pin") have more musical invention than most albums we've heard lately. Similarly, "Houdini," "Get Out of My House" and "The Dreaming" are all haunting tunes in the literal sense; this kid could haunt a house

as well as she does a recording studio. And "Suspended in Gaffa" left me suspended in space.

IF THERE'S any female Israeli vocalist who can match up to international standards, it's Esther Ofarim, hands down, and her many local fans will be happy to know she's just released another album all in Hebrew, this one just called *Esther Ofarim* (Hed Artzi). Accented on well-known ballads, all done in the gentlest of moods, so much so that one is tempted to call them lullabies. Included are "Lila Lila" and "Tsa'ar Halla" and "Hayu Lilot" — but they won't put you to sleep for all that: Esther's voice is simply too beautiful.

LED ZEPPELIN has formed its own label, Swan Song, and has a new one out called *Coda* (released here by General Music). We're happy to report that Zep sounds as tough as ever, with a lot of good long laid-back licks amid all that incinerating heavy metal.

Considerably less interesting on the Zeppelin label is Bad Company's *Rough Diamonds*. Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke, formerly of Free, Mick Ralphs, out of Mott the Hoople, and Boz Burrell, bassist of King Crimson, should make of Bad Company a supergroup. But my ears don't believe it. They work damn hard, but come up damn corny.

The big question of the week is whether Phil Collins' album, *Hello, I Must Be Going* (General Music) can be as good as his smash single, "You Can't Hurry Love." Answer: yes, indeed. The former drums of Genesis shows himself as adept at adapting antique material from the Supreme (the aforementioned single) as he is in his own compositions. And the album is marked throughout with splendid baroque drumming, good-time lyrics, and a voice that falls somewhere between the vocal vagaries of Jethro Tull and Cat Stevens. In short, this dude's a supergroup all by himself. □

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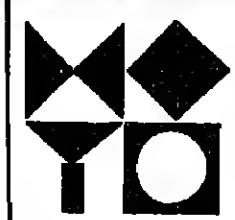
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9:30 pm: *Mephisto*, Istvan Szabo
Mon. at 7 pm: *Uraururua* (The Immigrants) with Max von Sydow
9:30 pm: *Nybyggarna* (New Land) with Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann
Tues. at 4 pm: *Red Shoes*, Kenic Pressburger
7 pm: *Divid Husband*, Erik von Stroheim
9:30 pm: *PREMIERE The Unfinished Sentence*, Zoltan Pabst (Hungary)
Wed. at 7 pm: *Breathless*, Jean Luc Godard
9:30 pm: *The Last Tango in Paris*, Bernardo Bertolucci
Thurs. at 7 pm: *The Chase* with Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Marlon Brando
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Sunday, February 27 at 11.00 & 15.30
"DAVID COPPERFIELD" with Laurence Olivier
Thursday, March 3 at 18.30
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PURIM AT THE MUSEUM
Monday, February 28 from 10.00-17.00

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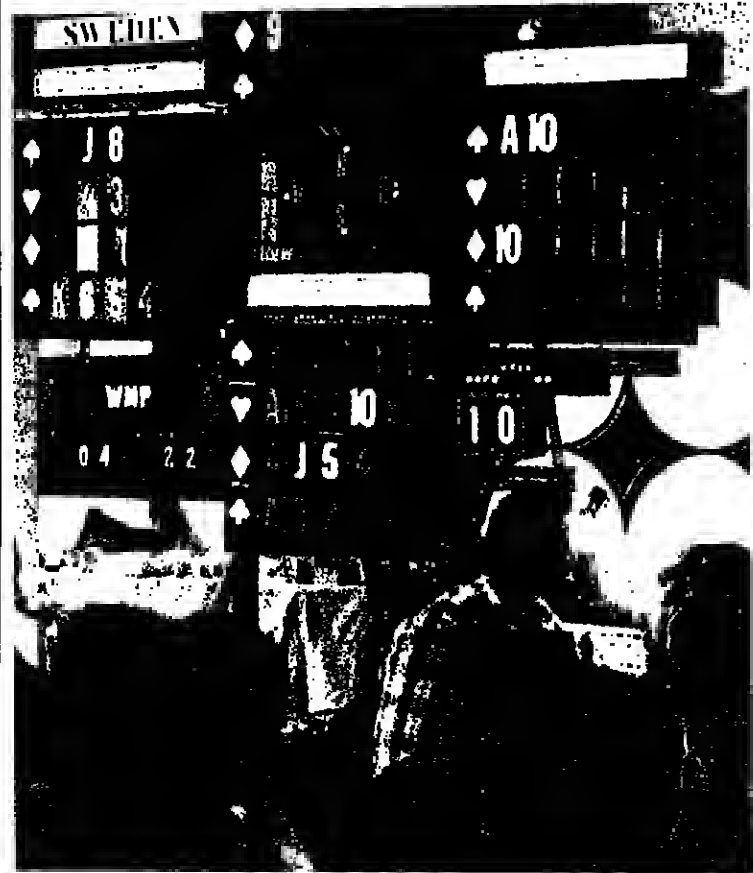
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Inferences



BRIDGE / George Levinrew

BRIDGE HAS a logic all its own, which I like to call "Thinking Bridge." I refer not to the routine coming in opening the auction, in bidding part score or game or slam, but to inferences gathered from the bidding and the cards seen in play. In today's deals, proper inferential interpretation was necessary.

Some inferences are fairly obvious. For example, if an opponent leads a king you are likely to anticipate that he holds the ace or the queen. But some inferences are much more subtle.

Deal 1
Vul: Both

North (D)
7
Q
AKH72
98763

West
J6432
10965
154
K

East
BH9
AH8742
86
42

South
AQ85
J
Q93
AQJH5

The bidding:
North Pass
East Pass
South 1♣
West Pass

WEST'S opening lead was the heart five. East won it with the king and returned the ace, which declarer ruffed. This was not a mistake, but it cost East nevertheless.

Had East won the trick with the ace and returned a low heart, declarer would probably have inferred that West held the king. This could make a vital difference in the planned play. As losers, declarer counted the heart already lost and a possible club. At the third trick he led the spade ace and then ruffed a spade in dummy.

It would have been natural at this point in finesse the club queen. But declarer saw no need to hurry. He

returned to his hand with the diamond queen and ruffed another spade. With the fall of the king, declarer had some information on which to make a decision about the location of the club king. East, holding the heart ace and king and the spade king, had not opened the bidding. If he had also held the club king he would surely have started the auction with one heart. Therefore, the club king was with West. If it was guarded, nothing could be done to capture it. But if it were a singleton? So a club was led to the ace and the singleton king fell.

What superb counting! Had East concealed the heart king at the first or second trick, declarer would suffer that East held the club king and would finesse, losing the contract.

Deal 2
Vul: All

North
Q82
K763
862
A34

West
AKH64
5
KJ7
H976

East (D)
J953
42
H953
Q83

South
AQJH98
AQ4
KS2

The bidding:
East Pass
South 1♣
West Pass

THE CONTRACT was a normal four hearts by South. The spade king was the opening lead. West shifted to the club ten. Declarer counted four possible losers: one spade, two diamonds, and one club. His problem was to avoid a club or diamond loser. He expected the club finesse, in full; surely West had not led from the queen. West for his part must have the diamond king. Could West be forced to make a

losing play? If clubs and spades were eliminated, and West were again on lead, he would have no choice but to give declarer a ruff and a discard of a losing diamond, or to lead a diamond into the ace queen.

It was necessary to prevent East from winning a trick and leading diamonds. West was therefore allowed to hold the club ten. South now won a club, two hearts, and another club in dummy. A low spade was ruffed. A heart was played to the king in dummy. The spade queen was played with West winning with the king and declarer discarding a low diamond, leaving this position:

North
7
862

West
10
KJ7

East
J
1095

South
QJ
AQ

North
98
AQ
Q43
AKJ1092

West
QJ1065
753
8762
A

East
732
KJ942
KJ5
4

South (D)
AK4
1086
AH
Q8765

SCOTT REAR HED a six-club contract. The spade queen was led. Declarer saw that he would need a successful heart finesse to make his contract. But, unnecessarily "loud" defensive plays by East made the finesse unnecessary.

South won the first trick with a top spade and followed with a top trump in dummy. Then came another top spade and a spade ruffed in dummy. Declarer was in no hurry to try the heart finesse and therefore won three more club tricks. East missed the opportunity on these club plays to signal his strength to his partner by discarding his two red aces at the first opportunity. This was the end position with the lead in dummy:

North
Q82
K763
862
A34

West
AKH64
5
KJ7
H976

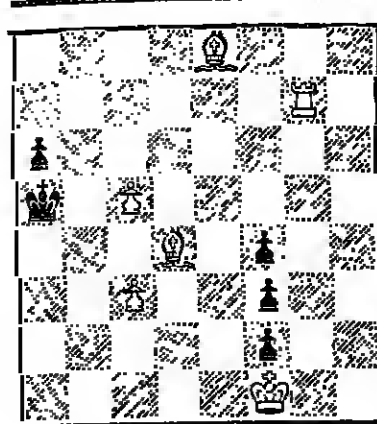
East (D)
J953
42
H953
Q83

South
AQJH98
AQ4
KS2

The last trump was played squeezing East. He discarded a heart. Declarer played the heart ace and then threw in East with the queen to the king, and thus establishing the heart ten. East had to lead a diamond to the queen and the contract was made.

Had East kept three hearts and discarded a diamond on the last club. South would have thrown in East with a diamond to achieve the same result.

CHESS Eliahu Shahaf



Problem No. 3109
I. HERTZFELD
1974

White mates in four (6-5)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3107 (Rinder). 1.Qd5! A checking key is rather unusual in two-movers, as it contradicts the esthetic principle that the key move should not drastically improve White's position. The compensation in this case is, however, more than enough.

THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP THE FIDE Congress in Lucerne drew the lots of the world championship candidates' matches.

Among the men, the results were: Ribli Torre; Huhner - Smyslov; Korchnoi - Polisch; Kasparov - Beliavsky. The winners of the first-mentioned two matches will meet in the semi-finals, as will the winners of the last-mentioned.

Among the women, the results were: Alexandria - Lemachko; Gaprindashvili - Levitina; Mureshan - Semionova; Liu - Ioseliani. Here, too, the winners of the first two matches and of the last two will meet.

Garry Kasparov is rated as having the best chances to reach the finals and meet title-holder Anatoly Karpov in the battle for the crown. It is unlikely that Korchnoi will become the challenger for the third time. His results in recent tournaments were mediocre, and age has probably its influence. Even if he does reach the finals, his chances against Karpov are very slim.

Among the women, Nona Gaprindashvili is no doubt the favorite. There is considerable interest in the purification of Chinese player Liu Shilan in the candidates' matches, but one would

hardly expect her to reach the finals.

Nana Alexandria is the second best bet to be title-holder Maya Chiburdanidze's rival in the finals.

TILBURG 1982 MORE GAMES from the Tilburg grandmasters' tournament.

J. NUNN G. SOSONKO
1.e4 e6 2.d4 d5 3.e5 Bf5 4.Nc3 e6 5.g4 Bg6 6.Nge2 c5 7.Bc1 Nc6 8.d5 9.Nb5 Nh6 10.h3 Re8 11.Ng3 Ne5 12.Na7 Re5 13.c3 Ne4 14.Be5 Be5 15.Qa4 Ke7 16.Bc4 Qf6 17.0-0 Qf3 18.Bd5 ed5 19.Ree1 Kd8 20.Nc6 Kc7 21.Nd4 Qf6. Black resigns.

G. SOSONKO B. LARSEN
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 d6 3.Nc3 Bb4 4.e3 c5 5.e4 Be7 6.Be2 0-0 7.0-0 c6 8.Qe2 a6 9.Rd1 Qe7 10.Be3 Ng4 11.Bd2 d5 12.cd5 ed4 13.d6 d3 14.cd7 Bd7 15.Bc3 Be6 16.h3 Nf6 17.Bd3 h6 18.Nd4 Bd7 19.Qe2 Bd6 20.N3 Rf8 21.Ra1 Bf4 22.Rc2 Bb4 23.b3 Ne4 24.Be5. Black resigns.

V. SMYSLOV J. NUNN
1.d4 Nf6 2.Nf3 g6 3.Bg5 Bg7 4.Nbd2 0-0 5.e4 d6 6.c3 h6 7.Bc4 e5 8.Bh5 Bd7 9.0-0 0-0 10.Bc4 e5 11.de5 12.Re1 Qe8 13.a4 Nh5 14.Nb3

15.Bg3 Rd8 16.Nf42 Ng3 17.hg3 Kh8 18.Qe2 Qe7 19.Nf1 Qf6 20.Ne5 Be8 21.Ne3 Ne7 22.a5 Qg6 23.g4 b6 24.Nf5 Nf5 25.g5 Qc6 26.Na6 Bb6 27.Bb6 ha5 28.Ra5 Ra8 29.Ree1 Rf8 30.Be4 Ra5 31.Ra5 Kg8 32.Ra6 Qd7 33.Hd5 Qe7 34.Qh5 Rd6 35.Rd6 ed6 36.b4. Black resigns.

THE YOUNGEST JOURNALISTS at the Lucerne olympiad were looking for the youngest participant. It probably was Tjing Tjing Joe from Surinam or Najeeb Mohammed Saleh, both 12 years old. Many thought that Jarecki from the Virgin Islands could make the claim of being the youngest, but he is already a veteran of 13.

MISLEADING PRECEDENT
THE UGANDA team knew that in 1968 the olympiad took place in Lugano, and when they arrived in Switzerland for this year's olympiad, they went to Lugano. So while the first round was in progress, the Uganda team had no opponent in Lugano, but they arrived in good shape for the second round in Lucerne.

ENDGAME FINESSE
White - Ka5; Rb4; Pf3. (3). Black - Kd1; Bc6; Pg2. (3). Black to play.
1. - Be4! 2.Ra4 Kc1 3.f3 (3.Ral Bhl) 3. - Kh2 4.Rb4 Kc2 5.Rc4 Kd2 6.Rd4 Ke2, and Black wins. (Study by L. Prokesh, in reversed colours).

ART OF ATTACK White - Kg1; Qb3; Ra1, Rf1; Bc1, Bg2; Nb1, Nf3; Pn2, h2, c4, e5; f2, g3, h2. (16) Black - Kc8; Qd7; Rd8, Rh8, Bf8, Bh3; Nc6, Ng8; Pa7, b7, e7, d4, f7, g7, h7. (15)

1.e6! Be6 2.Ne5! Qd6 3.Nc6 bc 4.Qa4 Kb7 5.Bf4 Qc5 6.b4 Qb6 7.c5 Qb6 8.Qa6 Kc6 9.Bc6. Black resigns. (Abrosimov-Klimkov, USSR, 1982).

MISSED OPPORTUNITIES
White - Kh2; Qc5; Ra2; Be3; Pb2, g4, h3. (7). Black - Kg8; Qf1; Rd1; Pa6, e4, f7, g7, h6. (8).
Black could win by playing 1. - Qh1 2.Kg3 Rf11 3.Bf2 Qf3, and wins. In the game, however, Black overlooked this possibility and played instead 1. - Qf3? 2.Qc8 Kh7 3.Qf5, and following the exchange of queens, White won.

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IT SO HAPPENS that unlike quite a few people I know, I am very fond of calf's-foot jelly. Let me add that I'm talking of calf's-foot jelly when it's jelly, and not some disgusting grey puddle because my daughter has left the fridge door open again and now we have to get rid of the whole stinking mess inside, you talk to her, Ephraim, she's your daughter too.

Ephraim approaches his daughter and tells her for the third time in as many days:

"How many times must I tell you to shut the bloody fridge?"

To which Renana answers:

"Big deal."

She's a native, is my 14-year-old daughter, a snob, prickly on the outside and full of pips within, to be handled with kid gloves. A true Levantine she is, all languid and laissez-faire, while she herself expects to be served hand and calf's-foot jelly.

On Monday night she left the fridge door open again, and I talked to her, but instead of the usual big deal, I got:

"What do you want from me? I've got your genes, haven't I?"

I should have seen it coming the moment I'd caught her reading something entitled *Your Body, Your Health*. Last week, Renana had asked me out of the blue how much liquid I thought my body contained. A cup and a half, I told her

Hereditary burdens

Ephraim Kishon

from memory. "Ha," she said triumphantly, "two-thirds of your body is liquid!" I told her sure, whatever she said, I wasn't going to let a few cups more or less spoil our happy relationship. Later that week, wouldn't you know it, our daughter was already demanding more calcium in her diet, and next she informed us she now knew exactly how not to have babies.

AND NOW the genes.

My daughter, in other words, wished to convey the message that she wasn't responsible for her notions since I, her father, had personally shaped her lousy character with my lousy seeds.

"I am your handwork," was how she not quite accurately put it, "so you've got no one to blame but your genes."

"You mean to tell me, Miss Know-it-all, that I have genes for leaving fridge doors open?"

"Absolutely," said Miss Know-it-all, "though I guess you must have inherited them from someone in turn."

It figures. One of my ancestors left the fridge door open in Sinai around 1500 B.C.E. and since then his genes for producing calf's-foot

puddles have been passed on down the generations. Delightful thought. By that reasoning, we are none of us responsible for anything. If you have Mrs. Lot's genes you'll go through life with your head screwed on backwards; if you're descended from Solomon you'll keep wanting to get married and cleave infants in half; while if one of your forefathers hunted butterflies, you'll have this incomprehensible urge to become a helicopter pilot. It's all written in the chromosomes that are in the genes that are in the seeds that are in Renana's screwy book.

"You're crazy," I summed the whole thing up to my daughter.

"Yeah?" she said. "Do I take that as a piece of self-criticism on your part?"

ON SATURDAY we had another genetic clash. Making out our restaurant bill, the waiter asked Renana what she had drunk during lunch.

"A glass of water," Renana told him with her most winsome smile.

"Not much!" I protested loudly. "You finished off two bottles of coke."

"Daddy!" she snarled at me out of the corner of her mouth. "Whose side are you on?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I told her as we were leaving. "You little cheat."

So of course she went scientific on me again, quoting the genetic code, chapter and verse. She talks a lot, does my darling daughter, especially on the phone. If I knew which of my genes was to blame for that I'd commit genocide.

The more as the gene jinn has got into her thrutter too. Just the other day he, Amir, gave me a disapproving look after he had driven the car into an imprudent lamppost. "For God's sake, Daddy," his eyes said, "couldn't you have handed me on a bit more driving skill?"

I hung my head and visualized a kind of genetic rogues' gallery. Maybe they're just absent-minded, these driving-into-lamppost genes of mine. Or maybe they squint. Or are given to genetic drift, which is another term out of my daughter's book.

Renana herself gave the whole affair a new twist when she scored an

unprecedented 10 on a grammar test, which her teacher declared was a miracle. Miracle my foot. She had copied the lot from the class linguistic genius, had my bright little girl, and to avoid suspicion had deliberately introduced one mistake - thereby inadvertently correcting the genius's only slip.

"Hello," I crowed, "looks like Daddy's genes aren't so dumb after all, what?"

"Rubbish," Miss Know-it-all told me coolly. "Those are Mommy's genes."

Women! Stick up for each other come gene come chromosome. And my wife is well pleased, and fondly attributes everything that's positive about our kids to her own DNA. I suggested we settle the matter once and for all, have a football match between an eleven of her genes and mine, so she told me to leave her alone with my infantile notions.

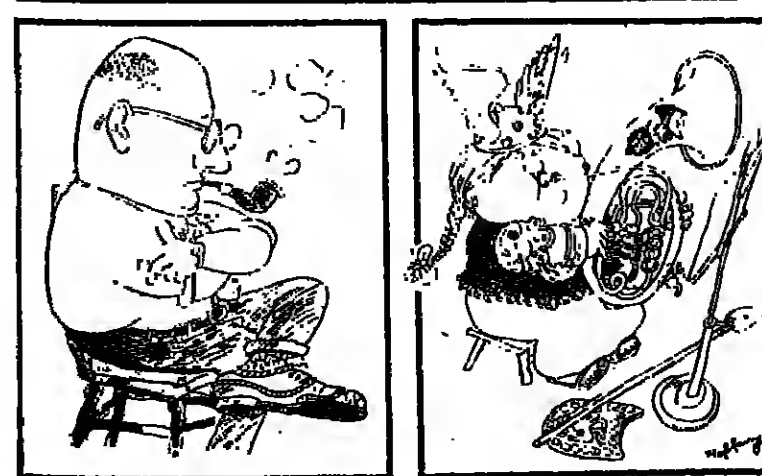
AND TODAY Renana came home in tears because the "Sphinx Ship" A 0.5" shares she had bought jointly with some of her girlfriends had suddenly lost 10 points. My wife looked pityingly at her heartbroken daughter and sighed:

"Ah, if only the poor child had got Yossi Rieger's genes..."

I think I'll quit.

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

The lighter side



MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

DURING THE three decades of its existence this column has dealt with many different subjects. Articles have ranged from informative to controversial, from biographical to analytical, from educational to critical to entertaining. Now I have found a "new" subject: humour in music.

The inspiration came from the Hoffnung Concert scheduled for next Monday at the Jerusalem Theatre (all the tickets have been sold; however, it will be broadcast and televised).

My *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* had nothing to say on this subject: after Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778-1837), the next entry was "Humoreske," followed by Engelbert Humperdinck (1854-1921; the real one, not the pop-singer of recent fame).

Sextet" (Village Musicians, K.522), with wrong harmonic progressions and other diatonic devices written in for fun by the composer, who thus parodied ambitious colleagues in a quite sophisticated way. There are plenty of so-called toy symphonies, which are mostly of the funny-ha-ha variety. And John Cage and Maurizio Kagel take their innovations very seriously. Woe betide the critic who finds them funny!

We surely all enjoy the irrepressible Victor Borge's performances, which are full of funny musical surprises and jokes.

BUT THE world of music has never been the same since Gerold Hoffnung appeared on the scene. A refugee from Nazi Germany, he went to England as a young boy. After working as an art teacher, he became a freelance artist, and later the staff artist of the *London Evening Standard*.

There exist over a thousand drawings of his, most of them dealing with musical subjects, or, rather, objects. Dohson, London, published six books of musical drawings and several others (*Constant Readers, Little Ones, Birds, Bees and Storks, Encore*, etc.) which have become perennial bestsellers.

Hoffnung's imagination created fantastic combinations of instruments.

With his rich musical background (his mother was a proficient pianist), it was perhaps inevitable that he should branch out into practical music-making himself. He chose the tuba as his instrument and taught himself to play it; soon afterwards, he appeared in public concerts, and even performed the solo part of the Concerto for Bass Tuba by Vaughan Williams (1954) in a London concert. He translated his imaginative musical ideas into "Hoffnung Music Festivals," which became immediate hits with the general public. Composers were commissioned to translate ideas into scores; after his death in 1959 at the age of 34, these festivals were continued.

Israel had its first taste of Hoffnung in January 1978, when Sergiu Comissiona conducted the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra with various odds and ends collaborating - four vacuum-cleaners, a typewriter, a hosepipe - in a hilarious experience. This time we are in for more surprises.

THE GREAT thing about the Hoffnung idea is that it is not slapstick. It is good-natured comedy, and musically quite sophisticated. His allusions and quotations will make connoisseurs happy; at the same time, non-professional music lovers will not require great knowledge in order to enjoy the goings-on.

The Jerusalem Festival in 1978 was used to see how things would go outside England. The response was tremendously encouraging, and as a result the Festival has since been to North America, Scandinavia, Central Europe and Hawaii. The itinerary expands continuously. The producer is Tom Bergmann, a Czech who is a conductor in his own right; he works together with Hoffnung's widow, Annette. The conductor is Michael Helasz, a Hungarian who now lives in England.

It is not always appreciated that professional musicians have enough of a sense of humour to enjoy this kind of music. Bergmann assures us, however, that even the stuffiest of orchestra musicians seem to have fun with it and admit that life has its lighter side.

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Screening of the film "Image Before My Eyes": Sunday, February 27, at 5 pm; Tuesday, March 1, at 6 pm; Thursday, March 3, at 8.30 pm. The film is in English and Yiddish with Hebrew subtitles. Admission fees: IS 70 - member of Friends Association; IS 80 - non member. Courtesy of

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Personal and public vision

Meir Ronnen

"PERSONAL VISION" is the somewhat pretentious title of a rather depressing exhibition of works by Israeli photographers that is due to travel abroad under the auspices of the Foreign Ministry's department of cultural affairs, its aim being to show the state of the art of photography in Israel today. Initiated and put together by photographer-historian Eyal Onne (whose own photographs and those of his wife are also included) — the exhibition is depressing on several counts. Firstly, it is a virtual re-run of the exhibition put together by Curator Nissim Perez for the Israel Museum's recent "Here and Now" review. Even where the actual prints are different, the feeling of *déjà vu* is overwhelming, the choice being confined to much the same establishment of some 14 photographers, plus a few others. Worse, one begins to anticipate each participant's familiar predictability.

Secondly, the work of many of the participants hardly merits a second look, despite the fact that most of them are obviously sensitive human beings and first class technicians. It all makes one wonder anew if photography has not succumbed to the Peter Principle, elevated to art status beyond its fairly limited means.

Inevitably, all the photographs are pictures of record: of landscape, people, social mores, even urban blight. Like any artist, the

photographer is perfectly entitled to alter reality by taking it out of context; or neutralizing the ugly or uglifying the humdrum. In this show, even some of the titles are mendacious. The pictures of record add up to a dreary, lawdry, one-sided image of Israel — and an often ugly Israeli.

Many of the photographs on show, like those of abandoned cars,



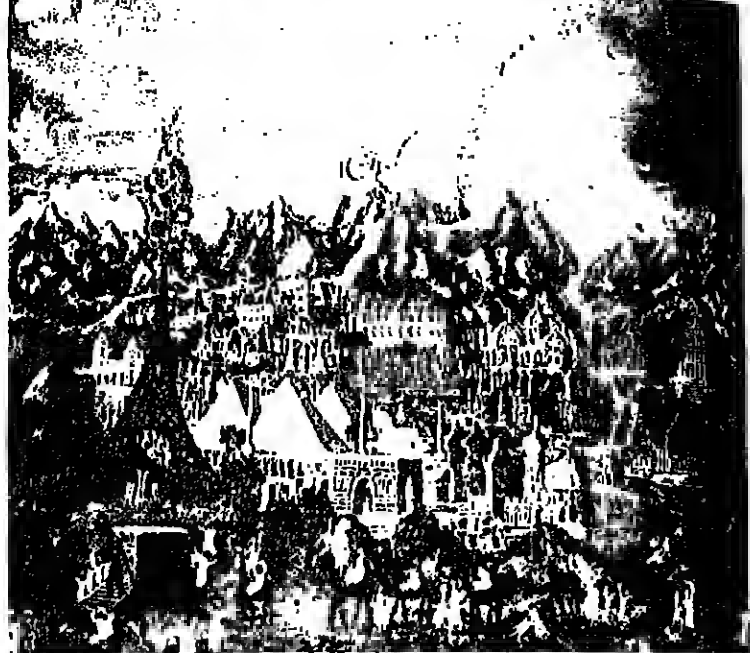
Anedee Molihant: "Portrait of a Girl," oils, circa 1918, now on view at the Israel Museum (loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Bond, New York).

could have been taken anywhere. The photographic treatment could have been made anywhere too. There isn't any distinctively Israeli approach. In fact much of what is on show here is distinctively American in approach or tradition.

As for the Israeli images, we are left with those of grubby roadsides, meandering drainpipes and Dione Arbus-like shots of unattractive characters at a wedding. Some of these are very well photographed; but is this the sort of thing on which the Foreign Ministry wants to spend its hard-won budget dollars?

This writer has always fought against mixing propaganda with art. But for better or worse, photography, art or not, is still a medium of record. At a time when Israel's image abroad has taken its worst battering, the well-meaning cultural commissars at the Foreign Ministry should be doubly on their guard. Let them take a second look at this lot. (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer).

GABRIEL COHEN, Israel's foremost living naive painter, has taken his newest paintings to a new gallery. On show are a group of his larger oils on canvas, devoted to more of his strange visions of a Jerusalem reunited with landscapes from his French childhood, or of Islam reunited with Judaism. The snow-capped mountains of his youth (he was hidden from the Nazis on French farms) overlook his most recurrent image, that of the breast of the Dome of the Rock. In one of Cohen's more bizarre



Gabriel Cohen: "Oil at the Gates of Paradise," oils, 1982, a vision which mixes images of Moses, Elijah, Jerusalem, Paris, Cairo and the placing of an oil drum on the Black Stone (Ka'aba) of Mecca (Alon Gallery).

images, a number of rival soccer teams play out their game on the Temple Mount with the Dome of the Rock as a grandstand, the melee refereed by the artist himself. In another, the Dome is surmounted by a Shield of David, signifying its — voluntary — return to Judaism. Moses also makes several appearances, in one case towering over the flooding of Pharaoh's forces (a reminder of the miracle that was not worked in our time, though who can say if peace with Egypt was not a miracle too?).

The artist is ever present. One feels, looking out over a broad landscape of French hamlets, that one is seeing the scene through his eyes. He makes a real appearance in a

work of rebellion, uprooting the Tree of Art (its branches are filled with a myriad tiny artists working at their canvases).

Cohen's work is less rigid, but also less exacting than hitherto. It has lost something of the passion for rigid detail that is part of the naive charm. But the detail is still there, all summoned up out of this extraordinary artist's fertile mind.

At the same venue Rika Shier who has studied at several Tel Aviv schools and in Paris, shows some figurative, fairly freely painted landscapes that will add little, if anything to the average viewer's experience of this sort of painting. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, J'lem). Till March 1.

Once more with Na'aman

Gil Goldfine

UNTIL 1971, when the new building of the Tel Aviv Museum opened, the Helena Rubinstein Pavilion was the Museum's established showcase and major exhibition facility. For the past 10 years this once-popular hall (part of the city's central cultural complex that includes the Mott Auditorium and the Habimah National Theatre), has played second fiddle to the main building. It has become an educational annex, housing Youth Department facilities and workshops; it hosts a long-term didactic shows directed mainly to school groups.

All this is about to change. With the planned expansion of the main building, linked to the proposed Golda Center for the Arts (adjacent to the Museum, Library and Court House) the Rubinstein Pavilion will revert to its original status, that of a primary space for short term, changing exhibits.

ACCORDING to Director Marc Scheepers, the Rubinstein Pavilion will deal with "actualities," a term referring to important works of the time (not necessarily experimental but also the products of established artists who make vital contemporary statements) and including graphics, design and photography. Scheepers will attempt to create functional balance between the main building and the Pavilion, so that major

shows might end up in the latter facility provided the space is suitable.

To inaugurate this new exhibition policy the Museum has chosen a review of works by Michal Na'aman. A little more than one year ago it was stated in this column (January 29, 1982) "...that the establishment is grooming Tamar Geier (along with her colleague Michal Na'aman) to assume the coveted position of 'artist-idol,' most likely to succeed in representing the young generation of Israeli painters."

The article went on to explain the close relationship of these two artists with curator Saro Breitberg-Semel and the latter's almost biased preference for their work. At least partially because of this support, Na'aman's rise to a ranking position in the local art world has been swift. She had her first solo exhibit in 1975 and a handful since.

Choosing Na'aman to "reopen" the Rubinstein Pavilion indicates that favouritism is replacing critical judgement. Just what are the Museum's motives for promoting Na'aman and her particular kind of art at the expense of most other forms?

Michal Na'aman is a bright, academic oriented artist with a hand brand of intellectualism. If you don't believe in her sincerity, much of her work may be dismissed as cerebral game-playing. However, there is evidence that Na'aman is striving to transmit "information" in pictures. Along the way she ques-

tions the practicability of art forms; the duality of image and reality; the question of picture versus language; conscious and subconscious imagination; and the difference and similarities of objects and words. These dilemmas are arranged, one way or another, into contrived artistic environments, either paintings, collages, drawings or photomontages.

Na'aman's early works are groping conundrums devoted to comprehending enigmatic theories and principles pictorialized (photomontage and lettering) in a dry, stoic manner. After stage two, in which Na'aman develops a conceptual base combining literal metaphors with art elements of printed colour fields, line and basic compositional ideas, she begins, in the early '80s to paint large figurative panels. These present a dramatic change in attitude and indicate that Na'aman might be riding the crest of the new painting wave, although her art continues to challenge the illustrative and narrative aspects of art. In these mural size panel-objects, superlative colour is applied with a brush, not stenciled; and line, shape and pigment are used as expressive elements and not for systemic or programming purposes. Symbols have become decidedly figurative of a stylized and naturalistic bent and assume the look of educational backdrops for a natural history museum charting the development of a species.

Though trying hard, Na'aman fails to loosen up and inject a form



Michal Na'aman: "Journey," 1983 (Rubinstein Pavilion Tel Aviv).

of humanism into her pictures, which continue to thrive on scholastic enterprise as she refines a non-flexible, almost antagonistic position towards tradition. Na'aman resists established "rules" and maintains strict boundaries so that her art does not become involved in physical frame, illusions of space, reality and texture.

Breitberg-Semel's tedious catalogue follows Na'aman's career chronologically by theme and pic-

ture. The article is unnecessarily confusing, repetitive and, like much of the art, selflessly self-centered in its documentation and appeal. The public has been saturated with exoteric definitions and explanations of "new" art. The time may have come to sit back and permit art to be self-explanatory. The inherent qualities of good art provoke response without the spectator's need to "swout it out." (Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, Tarsat Street, Tel Aviv). Through April.

Old Horizons

Ephraim Harris

"NEW HORIZONS." If you want to know what level of art was being produced in this country 40 years ago and more recently, this exhibition will give you a fair idea. If you want to know what "New Horizons" represented, it will not help you. By its manifesto, "New Horizons" proclaimed the supremacy of abstraction; realism was out. So insistent was the Movement on this principle that in one of its final exhibitions held at Ein Horod, only the abstract was to be seen. Abstraction was held to mark the entry of Israel into the art of the nations or, at least, into that of the brave new Western world.

"New Horizons" has become entrenched, to such a degree, in Israeli art consciousness that its magnetism has not weakened. In the last few years there have been exhibitions supposedly of the Group; artists who were unconnected have been anxious to climb on to the band wagon, the result being that these last shows contain more and more of the arch enemy, realism.

Treating this show as a general exhibition, it presents some very fetching work, e.g. flower by Mirovitch; a capable Zaritzky landscape from his early Zikhron Ya'akov period; some neatly abstract iron sculpture by Shemi from his "New Horizons" period.

Castel was also developing his "Biblical" style. Steimatzky strains hard, in his "Interior," for a personal impressionism in a literal sense. Krize could turn out an above-average abstract. Raayoni, Luisada and Wechsler were still experimenting. A man and woman from Gilod and a prematurely minimal sea shore from Beier might also be mentioned. To bring this array right up to the present moment, there is a replica to scale of a triptych of windows Ardson is completing for the National Library in Jerusalem, to be installed in April of next year. (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

TAMAR DUBROWSKI is a talented painter, much more so as a female portraitist than as an abstractionist, for several of her non-figurative canvases do not rise above the run-of-the-mill. Yet that is not entirely fair criticism because anybody who could create no. 13 in red with its mighty downward swerving and rhythmical paint, brought to a stop low down, thence to spread calmly round various objects (the work is based on an interior) is destined to become an abstractionist. Another abstract, "Jerusalem" (12) is far superior to 13 on the same subject. While incorporating Jerusalem landmarks, it is as idealized landscape, not the real one. Nevertheless it is a very good painting, the composition and controlled colour of which are similar to those of her portraiture.

Composition is not only in place ("Portrait and Vase") but significant: take "Portrait with Flower" where the single long stem from the portrait place well to the right and out to what we believe to be her type. Just to show how important this question of composition is, look at the dated "Figure": one arm and the lower legs are clumsily done but nevertheless leave one with the impression that this is a good painting. (Belt Chagall, Haifa). Till March 1.

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM 27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361

NEW EXHIBITIONS

Helmer Leisk: Photographs 1910-1947 (Opening Thursday, March 3, 1983 at 8.30 p.m.)

Over 150 photographs in this comprehensive exhibition of a forgotten photographer and cinematographer whose main works were done in Israel between the years 1932 and 1947. The exhibition focuses on his series of close-up portraits of "characters" — photographs dramatically directed in sunlight, reflected by mirrors. Exhibited in co-operation with the Folkwang Museum, Essen. (See Guest Lecture).

MICHAEL NA'AMAN, 1875-1983 (See Helena Rubinstein Pavilion)

SPECIAL EXHIBITION

ARMAN PARADE OF OBJECTS RETROSPECTIVE 1965-1982 — The exhibition will close on Wednesday, 2.3

A retrospective exhibition of the French artist, Arman, one of the founders and leaders of the New Realism movement, alongside the artists, Yves Klein, Daniel Spoerri, and Jean Tinguely and the art theorist Pierre Restany. In 1980 they published a manifesto in which they rejected abstract art and called for the expression of reality and the use of real materials. Arman was one of the first artists to discover the expressive possibilities hidden in the use and presentation of the common object. His use of objects is the result of a predetermined choice and the urge and will to discover what they can be turned into once presented by him in a new way.

The exhibition features about 75 works — pictures, reliefs and sculptures. The exhibition is sponsored by the British Friends of the Art Museums of Israel (See Gallery Talks)

CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS

OIZENGOFF HOUSE TEL AVIV — EARLY PHOTOGRAPHY EAST OR WEST — ARCHITECTURE IN ISRAEL 1820-1833

COLLECTIONS

ISRAELI ART 1960-1980 CLASSICAL ART FROM THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM, TWENTIETH CENTURY ART IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES ARCHIPENKO: EARLY WORKS (1910-1921)

GALLERY TALK (In Hebrew), at the Arman Exhibition, Saturday, 26.2 at 8.00 p.m.

GUEST LECTURE (In English)

Helmer Leisk — Photographer and Cinematographer by Jan Christophor Hark. American film historian. In addition, a film of Leisk's will be screened. Also the opening of the exhibition, Thursday, March 3 at 9.00 p.m.

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

An Evening of Song from the Music of Cole Porter with Sandra Johnson (vocalist) and Liz Magnus (piano). Saturday 26.2 at 8.30 p.m. Fifth programme in the "Forerunners" subscription series, on the work of Claude Debussy, Tuesday, 1.3, at 8.30 p.m.

The Israel Choral Centre Choir Club

presents

A Purim Evening of Wine and Song

conducted by Avner Itai

with the Israel National Choir — Rinat, conducted by Stanley Sparber; Rachel Cochavi-Leventar; Gil Aldema; Leonard Graves and other guests and

THE AUDIENCE.

Tzavta, Tel Aviv, Sunday, February 27, from 8.30 p.m.

The Cameri Theatre Israel Theatres Habima

AMAEUS —

"Good and evil"

Sat. Feb. 26, Sun., Feb. 27

NOISES OFF — comedy

"I laughed till I cried"

Mon., Feb. 28; Tue., Mar. 1

In Heila Theatre

Sat. Feb. 26, 8.30, 9.30

GOOO — Tzavta

Mon., Feb. 28; Wed. Mar. 2

SHOP

Sat. Feb. 26, 7.00

(with English translation)

and at 9.30

Sat. Mar. 5, 7.00, 9.30

TROJAN WOMEN

Sat. Feb. 28, Sun., Feb. 27

JEWISH SOUL

Sun., Feb. 27, 8.30

Mon., Feb. 28, 7.00, 8.30

CINEMA

Special Screening: A Ragga Celebration. Two films for the price of one: RONGO MAN (Jamaica, 1981, 95 min., English with Hebrew subtitles. The reaction of Ragga singer, Jimmy Bull, to the political events in Jamaica during the 1980 elections. Sunday, 27.2 at 8.30 p.m.)

REGGAE BUNPLASH (Jamaica, 1979, 107 min., colour, English with Hebrew subtitles). Stefan Paul's film which documents the Ragga festival in Jamaica. With Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, the Third World Group and others. Sunday, 27.2 at 10.00 p.m.

PABLO PICASSO (France, 1980, colour, 80 min., French without subtitles. An additional and final screening of the rare film with Picasso which highlights the artist's life and work as well as main historical events through photographs, documents and recorded interviews. In co-operation with the Institut Français de Tel Aviv. Monday, 28.2 at 9.00 p.m.)

GAY SEMINAR ON THE ART OF THE CINEMA (in Hebrew)

Monday, 28.2, beginning at 9.30 a.m.

Regularly: "Film of the Year" at the Tel Aviv Museum. THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOCKS (Italy, 3 hours, in colour, Italian with Hebrew and French subtitles. Ermanno Olmi's exemplary film in full version. The story of vassal families of peasants in Lombardy at the turn of the century against the background of political awakening. Only 8.00 and 8.00 p.m.)

SPECIAL PURIM PROGRAMME FOR CHILDREN

Purim Songs for Children with Nuli Omer as well as a screening of a Japanese animated version of the film "The Wizard of Oz Japan, 1982, 70 min., colour, Japanese with Hebrew subtitles. Sunday, 27.2 and Monday, 28.2 at 11.00 a.m.

AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN (at 4.00 p.m.)

Gallery Games and workshop for kindergarten children aged 4-6 (accompanied by a parent). Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Fri 1st-2nd graders on Monday. All tickets for kindergarten children advance for February sold-out! Few tickets left for 1st-2nd graders. On sale in advance at the Museum box office. Visiting hours: Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m., 7-10 p.m., Sun./Thur. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday closed.

Box office: Sat./Thur. 10 a.m.-10 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat. 7-10 p.m. Art Library: Sun. Mon. Wed., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Tue. Thur. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-6 p.m. Circulating Exhibits (Loan Sun./Thur. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Tue. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m. Graphics Study Room: Mon./Tue. Wed. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. or appointment in advance. Information desk and box office Tel. 281297.

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NEW EXHIBITION

MICHAEL NA'AMAN, 1875-1983

The first Museum one-man show of one of the young Israeli artists who represented Israel at the 1982 Venice Biennale.

Gallery Talk (in Hebrew) at the exhibition, Tuesday, 1.3, at 8.00 p.m.

GUIDED Tours and workshops for students. Classes and groups will be able to visit the exhibition and work in a drawing workshop.

Miniature Rooms. Guidance and workshop by appointment in advance at the Pavilion office. Visiting hours: Sunday-Thursday 9.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.; 5.00-9.00 p.m.; Saturday 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m. Friday closed.

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Jerusalem

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Haifa

What's On in Haifa, dial 04-640840.

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at \$127.80 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs \$183.83 including VAT, per line.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archeology; Bezalel 1906-1929; Tip of the Iceberg, 19th cent. French drawings and prints (until 1.3); Art of Bezalel Teachers: Portraits; Letterheads by Penegar; Primitive Art from Museum collection; Opening Exhibition: How to Look at a Painting (1.3); Special Exhibits: Sefer Halevi, Vienna 1925 (from 1.3); Japanese Miniature Sculpture, 18th-19th cent. Netsuke and Inro; Pilgrim Souvenir Objects and Christian Lamps; Clay Jug and Juglet, Middle Canaanite Period IIA; Kadesh Bardea, fortress from Judean Kingdom (Rockefeller Museum); Wonderful World of Paper (Paley Centre next to Rockefeller Museum).
Galerie Vison Nouvelle. Khutza Heyotzer, Y.S. Hamaiche. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-819864, 280031.
Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David —

The Citadel. Open daily 8.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun-Thur, 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00 p.m. Nightly (except Friday and Holiday) in French: 7.30 p.m. German: 8.15 p.m. English: 9.00 p.m. Permanent Exhibits: Ethnographic Dolls "Jerusalem Characters".
Yehuda Moshe Windmill Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri, 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.
The Jerusalem Post. Permanent Exhibits on Jerusalem Divided and Reunited in restored former military outpost, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-3 p.m. (1 Heil Handessa St.)
Tzavta Gallery. 38 King George St. Exhibition of Photographs from Lebanon, July-October, 1982, by Moshe Rosenzweig. Hours: Mon, Wed., Thur, 10 a.m. - 1 p.m., 2-5 p.m.; Tue, Fri, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
Old Yehuda Court Museum. The life of the

Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-Wall War II. 6 Reh. Or Haim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Sidman. Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Exhibition of Jewish Ceremonial Art. Printed in silver by Larnel Shabi, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Fri, 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 65512. Special Point Exhibit and Exhibit of Drawings by Mark Podwal

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum. Exhibitions: City and Art; Dieringoff House; Tel Aviv. Early Photography; East or West. Architecture in Israel 1920-1931; Collections: Israeli Art 1900-1980; Classical Art from the 17th and 18th centuries; Impressionism and Post Impressionism; 20th Century Art in Europe and the United States; Archipenko, Early Works (1910-1921); Arman, Parade of Objects, Retrospective 1955-1982. New Exhibition: Helmar Lerski, Photographs 1910-1947 (open March 1 to 8.30 p.m.)
Visiting Hours: Sat. 10-2; 7-10. Sun-Thur, 10-10. Fri, closed.
Helen Rubinstein pavilion:
New Exhibition — Michael Na'aman 1975-1983. Visiting Hours: Sun-Thur, 9-1; 5-9. Fri, closed, Sat 10-2.
Other Centres
Hazorea. Wilfred Israel Museum, Alex Arbell, Golan Heights — glass sculptures and vessels, 11 p.m. until April 9. Saturdays, 10.00 a.m.-12 noon, 5.00-8.30 p.m. Weekdays by appointment: Tel. 04-993168/9.

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Rabbi Shmuel Golding will give a series of lectures on how to refute missionary teachings. The lectures will be given in English, every Thursday at 8 p.m., beginning Thursday, March 3, at the office of Hameyan — Vikuach V'duslach, 14 King George Ave., Jerusalem. Admission free. Tel. 02-247718, or 067-80881. Please register by phone.

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quate phone service is definitely not due to bad planning or maintenance. Our policy is simple: since we are a fast-growing country saddled with a long waiting list for telephones, we would rather offer as much as we can, as soon as possible to as many people as possible, even with defects, than near-perfect service to fewer people at a pace commensurate to our budget.

Although Siev's department receives about 90 per cent of the Communications Ministry's budget, Israel's expenditure on telecommunications is still far behind that of other countries, he points out. An example he cites Belgium, a country with a population of about eight million and 2.2 million telephones, compared with Israel and its four million population and about one million phones.

"While Belgium's Communications Ministry does not have to operate the country's radio and television transmitting stations, as we do, it employs 30,000 people in its telecommunications department compared with the 8,000 we employ. In other words, though their population is only about twice as large as ours, their outlay on communications is almost four times as great. These are the dry statistics that lie behind the delayed dialling tones and other troubles you encounter in your telephoning."

PERHAPS the busiest unit in Siev's department is the telephone repair service. And he is proud of his technicians.

"Eighty-five per cent of all repairable faults reported to us are cleared up by the end of the next working day. And we have found that 50 per cent of all faults are right in the instrument and not in the communications infrastructure."

That last remark is important for Israelis who feel that their phones are either too noisy or else lacking enough volume. The ministry has established carry-away service depots where people can bring their instruments and have them repaired on the spot, often within 10 minutes. "It is usually only a matter of replacing a microphone or earpiece, or reconnecting a loose wire," Siev explained.

HERE ARE his explanations of a few more telephone irritations.
□ Cross-talk: you suddenly find yourself a party to two other people's conversation.

"That is due to excessive moisture somewhere along the line. The signal jumps across wires because of what we call capacitance-induced voltage."

□ Wrong number: you dial your home and get a recorded time signal of weather forecast.

"Those are freak problems that will probably never disappear. I dare say they occur mostly when your call is passing through a switchboard. Switchboards, like telephone instruments, operate with electro-mechanical devices such as switching relays, and these can, and always will, go awry."

"We are considering something, that will reduce the number of wrong numbers — at least those attributable to mechanical faults in the dialling disc or its teeth. We may replace those discs with push-button panels that simulate the action of the discs by means of springs and levers. But these, too, will be subject to mechanical wear-and-tear, and will in no way be able to compensate for a faulty switchboard somewhere along the route."

"We plead not guilty. It must be due to the switchboard. All our instruments are equipped with resistors that absorb surges in voltage that cause the click. If a switchboard along the way produces its own abnormal voltage surges there is nothing we can do about it. It's the switchboard owner's problem to solve."

Occasional extremely low volume on inter-urban or international calls.
"That's definitely our fault, but I am afraid it's a built-in difficulty. In order to expedite circuit fulfilment, modern search-and-connect equipment frequently uses two channels for the same conversation — one for the caller and one for the person called. When trunk lines are busy, one of these channels may not be on par with the other, and the result is unequal amplitude. When this problem crops up during busy hours, redialling usually helps. In slack hours there probably won't be any improvement, since the same channels will be in operation."

"Incidentally, if the problem of insufficient volume is due to a subscriber's hearing difficulty, our technicians can readily replace the standard earpiece with an amplified model."

THERE IS one type of news item about the Israel telephone service that has definitely disappeared from the newspapers in the past six years. It is the story about a whole town, or section of a city, being cut off from the world with all its phone dead.

The cause of this once-common mishap was the severing of an underground trunk cable by a careless bulldozer operator doing some work for a building contractor.

Well, people are as careless as ever, and cables are still being smashed by tractor teeth. However,

no longer are whole blocks of telephone lines knocked out. That's because Israel now has microwave links paralleling its main telephone lines.

These wireless links are just as dependable as wired communications, and a caller cannot know from the sounds he hears whether the signals reaching him are being transmitted by cable or microwave.

SIEV, who was once an engineer of the British military radio station in Beit Jalla, likes to keep up with the latest electronic innovations in his field. Taking a cue from American telephone expertise, he has established here what is known in telephony as a "three-stage hierarchy" of exchanges. This sorts out local, inter-urban and international calls one from the other and in effect centralizes each type in an "exchange" of its own.

His engineers are also trying out fibre-optic cables in a 15 km. test installation near Tel Aviv. By use of a technique known as multiplexing, they will probably soon be able to send 2,700 calls simultaneously over a pair of wire conductors.

Another development is digital communications. Here, a voice sampler determines the frequency of your voice and converts it to a relevant electrical pulse. This pulse is interlaced with that of billions of others and travels along the wire or optical fibre at the speed of electricity. To keep things steady, the voice sampler "recognizes" your voice 8,000 times a second. An experimental link based on digital communications is already in operation between Tel Aviv and Netanya.

Will the mushrooming of telex machines, modems and computer data processors, in Israel deal a crushing blow to the country's burdened telephone network? Absolutely not, Siev declared.

"Data processing, facsimile and other non-voice communications are handled separately on what we call 'dedicated lines.' Our development budget anticipates the expansion of data processing and inter-computer communications. That is why there will be no confrontation on that score."

Besides being a focus of world interest from the news standpoint, Israel is also the home of four million people who have many relatives and business associates abroad. Israel's international telephone usage is among the highest in the world; and its "phone density" (number of telephones per 100 souls) ranks 21st in the world. No less than five billion message units are clocked, on the average, during a year.

A study carried out by Siev at the International Telephone Exchange in Tel Aviv shows that we have twice as many incoming calls as outgoing ones. This is significant from an economic point of view, he says.

"The party that owns and operates an intercontinental cable charges according to traffic volume. In simple economic terms, that means Israel could earn a hefty income if it owned such a cable and took in twice as much as it would have to pay out to another owner. "That's why I am strongly in favour of Israel bidding for a part in TAT-8. That is the international consortium now in formation that will lay a fibre-optic trans-Atlantic cable between Britain and France on one side and the U.S. and Canada on the other. The cable will have a capacity of 40,000 calls simultaneously, and it would be in our interest to become a partner in that consortium."

ariel

A review of arts and letters in Israel

A selection of articles in the 1982-83 ARIEL series:

Yuval Ne'eman

Dead and Med Seas Canal

Yitzhak Ben Ner

"Berger" (short story)

Michael Handelsaltz

Israel's Fringe Theatre

Aharon Megged

"Asahel's Mother"

(a chapter from his novel)

Dan Miron

Interview with

Gershon Scholem

on his relationship with

S.Y. Agnon

Michael Levin

Public Art in Jerusalem

(illustrated article)

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SHIMON "KUSHI" RIMON has had a lifelong obsession with Petra, the ruined site of the Nabatean city situated on steep slopes of red Nubian sandstone.

In the '50s, Petra, which is in Jordanian territory, became the goal of a secret, strange test of manhood for young Israelis. The dangers were many and the heroes were few; many perished in enemy territory.

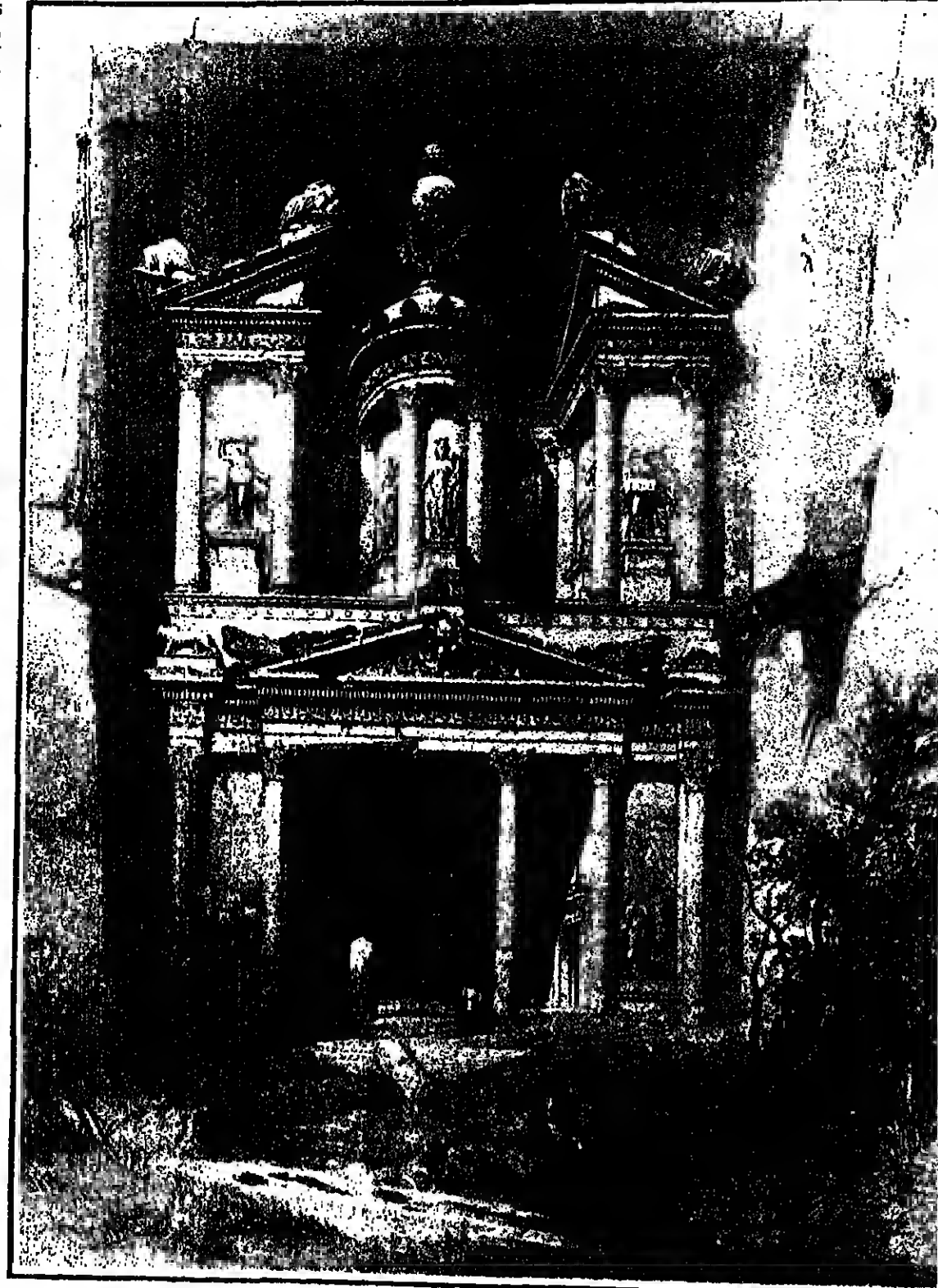
Because so many tried and failed to get there and back to Israel undetected, the song "The Red Rock" was banned on Kol Yisrael for many years — it was feared that people might be tempted to see Petra's beauty for themselves and die in the process.

Rimon did it. And, like most of the things he did, he did it differently. He did not steal across the border on foot; rather, he "borrowed" a United Nations jeep (his vocabulary does not include the word "steal"). With an American friend, a new immigrant who was impressed by his driving, he cut across the border just north of Eilat, and spent six hours in Petra.

In his autobiography, smuggled out of a German prison cell in 1978 (he was sentenced to nine and a half years for drug-trafficking in 1976), he wrote only two small paragraphs about the place. In the second, he explains why: "We spent a relatively short time in Petra... but I hoped to return a second and a third time and perhaps even open a regular route from the army base in Petra."

When the two men drove back, through Jericho and Jerusalem, they were stopped by the guard at the former Government House, then the UN post, and arrested.

After five months in an Israeli military prison, awaiting trial, Kushi had the brilliant idea of writing a letter to the minister of defence, David Ben-Gurion, in which he noted that he had been an exemplary soldier and that he had only tried to test out some military theories about the superiority of crossing the Jordanian border in a vehicle, and so on. Ben-Gurion asked an aide to look into the case, the trial was speeded up, and, within a month or so, Kushi was a free man.



Petra on his mind

Whatever happened to Kushi? Shimon Rimon has now settled down at Be'er Menuha in the Arava, where The Post's LIORA MORIEL found him running a kiosk and dreaming of the Nabatean city just across the border.

ment agency. *Wa'Allah*, that's an adventure!"

Gazing at the wooden tables, the thatched roof and the potted palms, the snake in one corner and the rabbits in another, I felt I was in Guatemala, in Africa, in Goa. Anywhere but Israel.

Two soldiers were drinking coffee and smoking. They'd come on a bulldozer from a nearby camp. Kushi asked them for a favour. Minutes later, the bulldozer was eating its way to the fancy washrooms nearby, making a road. A car stopped. A man and his daughter ordered soft drinks. Several cars zoomed past. A truck pulled in. Coffee, in payment, they wanted to leave a sack of salt. Kushi didn't need salt just then, but why not? He knew they'd never pay. A lot of people never pay. Kushi is easygoing, but he can still be hurt. "People even steal! I'm not kidding. They steal fixtures from the washrooms! We treat people well

here, we give them respect, and then they spoil everything. Too bad."

The greatest threat, however, comes from the people at the truck-

stop north of his place, who try to ensure that all the buses going to and from Eilat stop there. But the truck drivers know where to stop—at Kushi's, where the food is cheap. "We also get all kinds of passersby and there are people who stop by regularly. It's pleasant, they feel good, the sandwiches are good and the coffee is very good. People are treated right here."

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In the first year, it's hard to think of viability and profits. The most important thing is to make this place beautiful."

BE'ER MENUHA today looks like a small commune. There are three women — Rimona, who passed by on her way from Eilat and decided to stay; Rinat, from Kibbutz Magen, who knows every path and stone and hush in the area; Regina, an Austrian who's been in Israel for two years and speaks very good Hebrew — and several shy males. There are some old buses-turned-sleepers and some run-down old houses that are used as living quarters.

By inclination, Kushi is a loner. Here, everyone is together and yet everyone does his own thing. Most important, they share the same big dream: putting Be'er Menuha on the map, helping Kushi make it.

In the distant past, Be'er Menuha was an important station on the way to Eilat, with a well of almost-sweet water (the Arabs called it *Be'r-Miha*, a good well). Today, several large rocks block the well's opening.

"This isn't just another well," said Kushi. "Abraham himself reported right here by this well. No kidding. There are stones here on which Abraham sat for sure."

"When the Turks were here, when there was a war between them and the English, when it was time to pay the Turkish officials their salaries, the paymaster saw that the Turks were the losing side and decided to run away with the loot, which was in sacks. With the help of some Beduin he got to this well and hid the money here until the end of the war. Then he rolled some stones on top and now the well is blocked."

"Now, I don't really believe this story, but why not? I hope someone will believe there's a treasure here and come in clean it up."

Kushi is not interested in the money. "What'd I do? Sit and count the coins?"

But then again, it wouldn't hurt. He is deeply in debt.

I asked him whether being so close to the Jordanian border didn't tickle his fancy. Hasn't he wanted to pay his neighbours a little visit?

"Wa'Allah, no. So far, they are curious about what I am doing here!"

What is this man doing here? He was once a first-rate soldier and then a miner and a farmer and a pioneer and a small-time criminal and finally, perhaps, a hitman. He denies ever dealing in drugs. Is he really content to enter in a handful of truck-drivers and sundry passersby? Can he really be happy growing tomatoes in the desert?

It is difficult to believe that this man, who has fled every cage, every convention, even his English wife and children, will now settle down in this one spot.

But then again, Kushi's version of settling down is not exactly conventional. He wants to make Be'er Menuha the gateway to Petra, which is only 36 km. away as the fuleon flies. Hardly a problem for an enterprising man.

"I believe King Hussein's all right," he told me. "All his patrols in the area are to make sure no terrorists get over here." Kushi wouldn't be surprised if the king makes peace with Israel. And when he does, Kushi and his faithful team will be ready.

Meanwhile, Kushi is collecting picture postcards of the city of red rock.

He has vowed to return there, and he feels sure that he will. □

□ "I have no native language," said a man who was born in France but lives in England and writes in English.

□ "My parents, in Poland, used to say, when I was three or four, 'The child is possessed of the English phlegm,'" said another, who lives in Israel and writes in phlegmish.

□ "The first time I understand myself is when I read myself in translation," said a third who — odd man out — writes in his native Hebrew and lives in his native land.

□ "I can't use Hebrew because it's 3,000 years old and has all those meanings I just don't know," said a British-born and U.S.-bred Israeli woman poet.

IF THESE linguistic misfits had to indulge their creative itch, perhaps they should have resorted to music or cooking or macramé instead of tormenting themselves with somebody else's spelling, or their own spelling in somebody else's ink. But no, they all doggedly insist on writing. They and a lot of others.

Many of them got together at a creative writing conference held last week at Tel Aviv University, co-sponsored by the university and the year-old Israel Association of Writers in English. There were readings of fiction and poetry, and symposia on topics ranging from poetry and war to "creative reviewing."

With the help of the U.S. Embassy and the British Council, there were guests from abroad: American poet Reed Whittemore; Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of *The New York Times*, who is now doing some creative writing as well as creative reviewing; Gabriel Josipovici — the first quoted above — who writes fiction, plays and essays, and who, to complicate matters also spent part of his life in Egypt.

They were joined by novelist Raymond Federman, a French-born, French-looking and French-sounding American who is already less of a guest than they: he's been spending a Fulbright year in Jerusalem, and has had two Hebrew lessons.

Most of the participants were writers and live in Israel but write in English; the impetus for the conference came from Karen Alkalay-Gut — the last quoted above — a poet who is the head of the English writers' association and teaches at Tel Aviv University. Hebrew-writing Israelis had also been invited, but several developed last-minute earaches or other dreadful contagions and didn't show up. The reason was probably disdain for what they thought would be low-level mouthings by a group of marginal interests.

Like most conferences, this one had its share of useless chatter, but the readings were generally good, if long, and the symposium on "writing in another language," from which the opening quotes are taken, seemed to strike a particularly deep chord, among speakers and among those who came mainly to listen.

FEDERMAN, who writes in both English and French, served as moderator, and novelist Yoram Kaniuk, one of the few genuine "locals" who turned up, provided a kind of ballast for the drifting souls. Although it was he who said he first understands himself in translation, he clearly both lives and writes his life in one language — Hebrew. With his jokes and anecdotes he of-

fered some of the most endearing propaganda for the language that I've ever heard.

"We and the Chinese are the only ones who've been writing constantly for the last 3,000 years," he said, and then talked about deliberate efforts to renew the language in the last 120 years or so. He recounted

his mother's story about her school days at the Herzliya Gymnasium in Tel Aviv, when they "used to have parties for new words. You know, *melafefon* (oucumber) and so on..." Among the new words one week were *tzimoret*, from *zeimer*, song, and *nakhele*, from the word *kahal*, gathering, or audience. The men-

tion of the first was to be chorus, and the second, orchestrates. But the printer made an error and switched the definitions on the announcement. And so they remain until this very day.

"We are the second generation of that catastrophe," Kaniuk said. "But this language is what we are about."

The others on the panel seemed to be in the first generation of their linguistic catastrophe, working out an individual peace — or mutual non-aggression pact — with whatever alphabet they chose or had forced upon them by circumstances. A lonely job, with some very rich results.

They talked of the problem of experiencing one culture and writing in the language of another, of such "untranslatables" as the English *rather*, the Hebrew *dokka* and, perhaps, the French *quand même*.

Federman, who left France after World War II at age 19, said he was trying to write, in English, a book which would include his experience of returning to France for the first time, after over 10 years in the U.S. An American girlfriend, who spoke no French, was to visit him here, and he ordered a taxi to go to meet her at the airport.

The taxi driver, as soon as he set eyes on Federman, recited his pre-war address. He turned out to be an old school buddy. As if no time at all had passed, he addressed Federman as *tu*.

They picked up the girlfriend. Federman and the girl spoke English, and the driver, when he next ventured to open his mouth, used the formal *vous*. He invited Federman *quand même* (nevertheless, more or less) to come and have dinner.

Federman said he's writing the incident in English, but "it wants to be written in French." And the question is not only how the story wants to be written, but who is going to read it. What do you do with your books?

That problem is an acute one for "immigrant" writers in Israel who continue to write in their native language. It's one reason for the sprouting of various non-Hebrew branches of the Federation of Writers in Israel.

FOR SOME, the language in which they write is not even "native." Zygmunt Frankel, the Polish-born novelist who was possessed of the English phlegm before he was possessed of the English language, lived in Russia, Belgium and England before coming to Israel about 30 years ago. "Each language has a character of its own and so does the writer," he explained. If he has a choice, he chooses the most suitable one.

Why not Hebrew? The relationship just never "clicked," he said, blaming himself for about 90 per cent of the failure, and Hebrew for the other 10 per cent. As a child he had to learn Hebrew ("I was getting lessons, not taking them") and for him Hebrew "still has a smell of mothballs about it."

For Koniuk, the language is rich and vital: "We have about 20 words for 'sadness,' for instance, and they all sound beautiful." But translation, in this case, is the great leveler: it bleaches them all.

Kaniuk feels a tremendous flux in the language; Alkalay, who lives most of her life in Hebrew, doesn't write in it because it seems to her so ancient — taking it on is such a "responsibility."

"So where do you publish?" is the frequent refrain.

She says she sent some work to

Displaced pens

The Jerusalem Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ meets some authors who write about one culture in the language of another.



Four participants: Federman, Alkalay-Gut, (below) Frankel and Josipovici.



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Bitterroot, a small magazine in New York edited by a poet named Menke Katz, who is sympathetic to Israelis. He responded with a letter in Hebrew, saying he wanted to use one of her poems, but "would like to see it in the original" first. It was then that she realized how much her English had changed.

SOCIAL contacts are an important part of publishing, and they're hard to maintain long-distance. David Rosenberg, the most recent arrival among the Israeli pnnnelists, edits *Forthcoming*, a joint Israeli-American literary venture, which helps him to keep a foot in each country. When he lived in New York, he found it easy to publish, partly because he worked as an editor with major publishers. But once you've left New York, he's discovering, you cease to exist. He's going back for a visit with a manuscript in his suitcase, before it's too late.

Josipovici, the man without a native language, doesn't necessarily regret the lack. He lives in England, "with a sense of not being inward with the culture." He sometimes asks himself how he can preclude to write about the culture, the people, if he knows so little about them.

The thing to do is to make a strength out of the weakness. "We all make do with what we have," he said, "in relation to the things we don't have." He admires Muriel Spark — who has decided to live in Italy — for her "marvellous variety of English." It is something he doesn't have, and he has to live with it, he said. And, judging from the few short stories he read during the conference, he seems to capitalize on the intensity of the barely-furnished life.

"We assume that other people are within their languages," he said, "and it seems to me that is not the case." He gave the example of Dante, who, in exile, insisted on writing in the vernacular of his domicile. It was in flux, and he helped make the language. Erasmus, on the other

THIS IS the long-awaited second volume of Alex Bein's classic *History of Zionist Settlement*. It promises to become a standard work on less than its predecessor. Dr. Bein, the historian who for many years headed the Zionist Archives, and was the Israel State Archivist, presents us with a fascinating account of the absorption of mass immigration, which in the incredibly brief span 1948-1951 increased the number of Israel's Jews by 1200 per cent, from 600,000 to 1,400,000. He follows this up with a description of the country's demographic, social and economic consolidation till 1978.

Anything but a dry textbook, the story is told vividly, although a wealth of factual and statistical data are included. In recording Zionist upbuilding through the decades, Bein was aided through his continuous personal contact with men like Arthur Ruppin, David Ben-Gurion and Levi Eshkol. He puts his emphasis on the mode of thinking, the efforts and dedication of planners, field workers, pioneer and immigrant settlers. Ruth Perlmann, the author's associate, ensured the book's excellent Hebrew, carried out basic research and contributed innumerable ideas of her own.

Bein makes rural upbuilding the centrepiece of his account. The book's first 40 pages sum up settlement before statehood, and stress that the return to farming constituted the credo of early Zionism. The emergence is sketched of the unique village forms of kibbutz and *moshav*, which aroused violent discussions within the Zionist Organization, where many doubted whether these communal and cooperative attempts had any chance of success, and were worth support. Ruppin steadfastly defended them from their critics, guided them with friendly advice, and tried to raise means for minimal material aid. In 1947, there were 277 Jewish rural places which made up 25 per cent of the country's total Jewish population; most were kibbutzim and *moshavim*.

THE CHALLENGE of the initial statehood years was enormous. In 1948, there were only 1,650,000 dunams under cultivation, and only 300,000 of them were irrigated, much of the latter citrus groves, which had long been neglected, and had become largely unfit for reclamation.

The immediate task was to find housing of some kind for the mass of newcomers. Many were sent to primitive camps, often former

An hour of grace



ALIYA WE-HITYASHVUT, BI-MEDINAT YISRAEL (Immigration and Settlement in the State of Israel), by Alex Bein, in cooperation with Ruth Perlmann. Am Oved Publishers and Zionist Library. 319 pp.

Efraim Orni

British army camps on the Coastal Plain. In the spring of 1950, Levi Eshkol called for the employment of 10,000 workers, and the transformation of the camps into *moshavot* (a transitional stage before permanent settlement). A central body for settlement was formed, which comprised the government, the Zionist Organization and its national funds. Within four and a half years, 299 new settlements were founded; the peak month was June, 1950 with 18 new villages.

Practically all were established on land which had first to be thoroughly prepared before buildings could be put up or crops cultivated. Immense efforts were required before water and other basic necessities could be provided. There were few pioneer settler groups, so that a new form of *unshvot olim*, immigrants' small-holder settlement, was devised. It absorbed increasing numbers of newcomers, largely from the oriental communities. These endured great hardships, particularly when sent to the "work villages" of the hill regions.

Studying this decisive period, one recognizes that the distribution of

harder absorption conditions, ran more or less parallel with the date of their arrival. Of the Ashkenazis who made up the majority of newcomers until mid-1949, most were given vacant flats and lands in or near the main cities or in the Sharon. Soon, Yemenites, Iraqi, North African and other Jews arrived, and were sent to more distant and exposed areas, which progressively came under development. Certainly there was much favoritism on the part of officials, but in Bein's view hardly a deliberate discrimination against oriental communities.

The author devotes special attention to the period which began in 1954 with the concept of regional settlement, and which culminated in the *Lachish* project. Bein observes: "Historical events are always born of a unique convergence of different factors. Elements of nature, human needs and intentions, mutually opposing trends unite in a propitious moment and create a historic event. It may be said that it is the fusion of seeming contradictions in a great deed which marks an hour of grace. The *Lachish* Region project may be regarded as such a historical event."

THE AUTHOR devotes most space to the human side, and less to the blueprinting and the agricultural planning (perhaps because these have repeatedly been studied in publications by R. Weitz, A. Rokuch and others, and have since largely been superseded by fresh developments).

The period saw also the gradual

transition from mixed to specialized farming. It was accompanied by a large immigration of Moroccan Jews, many of whom were directed to Lachish and other development areas. The regional schemes were intimately linked with the furthering of "development towns," whose functioning and shortcomings the book discusses. In the late Fifties and early Sixties, there was an accelerated process of industrialization both in the kibbutzim and in development towns.

A later chapter, reviewing the 1967-1978 period, discusses the impact of events which again transformed the country — the Six Day and Yom Kippur wars, world Jewry's deeper involvement in Israel's political struggle and economic progress, immigration from the Soviet Union. The problems of "security settlement," within and beyond the Green Line, are analysed, and the intensification of Negev and Galilee settlement, together with the organizational innovations these required.

The final section of the book is most original. Bein calls it "Traveling through the Country with Herzl's Novel *Old-New-Land*." It is surprising how much of Herzl's vision had been realized though many things have turned out totally different. For he could hardly have visualized the vehemence of Arab antagonism, or the world wars and upheavals of our era.

Bein concludes his conscientious reporting of settlement planning and execution in optimistic style. "What came into existence was, to tell the truth, mostly not planned and could not have been planned. Much was improvised, in compelling circumstances or even without compulsion. There was insufficient experience, no proper coordination, frequent friction between institutions and personalities, due in part to their dedication to the cause and in part to their personal ambitions, as always in human life with all its virtues and faults. Immigrants arrived from all corners of the world, and with traditions ranging from the Middle Ages to our own time. Most of them lacked vocational training and means of their own. The miracle is that in spite of all that an enterprise has been established which can be judged as finer than anything created elsewhere during the same period... we haven't been spurring in our criticism, both for our own good and for the enterprise's. However, we should never forget that a reality has materialized greater and grander than anyone could predict."

ONE OF my favourite childhood memories is of the mail that used to come to our house during the month before Pesach and the month before Rosh Hushana. It would usually come in the form of envelopes with cellophane windows and with return addresses in Jerusalem or Brooklyn. These were requests for help from orphanages, old age homes, *reshivot*, and other charities. We children used to tease our father as he made out cheques for them. We would ask him how he knew they were all bona fide charities. He would answer that it was not for him to be their examiner. If a Jew holds out his hand for help, one must help him. Better to be fooled than to be cruel and turn down someone worthy.

My father would have found this hook unnecessary. But for those of us who want more reassurance, it will be a handy reference work. It will enable us to check out in a moment the authenticity of anyone who comes to us for help.

Canada's General Morris Abraham Cohen, best known as "Two-Gun Cohen," who was military advisor to Sun Yat Sen and later to Chiang Kai-Shek, is discussed.

Among other facts, which break down stereotypes, are that in the Fifties Jewish farms in New Jersey were the top egg producers in the U.S.

Two of the strongest men in the world were the little known Solomon Breibart, and the much better known Houdini, born Eric Weiss. Breibart's most outstanding feat was lifting a platform on which several horses were standing while *Kol Nidre* was being played. "I performed this feat of strength for the honour of the Jewish people," he is reported to have said.

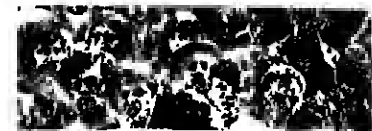
Charities

SERVICES IN ISRAEL by Eliezer Jaffe. Jerusalem, Keren Publishers. 656 pp. \$18.00. Distributor: The Jerusalem Post, 120 E. 56 St. (Suite 840), N.Y., N.Y. 10022, U.S.A.

Jack Riemer

I WISH that I could share this book with everyone who wants to know what Israel is really like, for it is an extraordinary document. It lists Israeli charitable organizations and their officers, and provides descriptions of their budgets and statements of their purposes.

For instance, there is a charitable organization called *Keren*



Hateshuvah, which was founded by the rabbis of the Police Department and the prisons. What they do is adopt young delinquents as they come out of prison and work to rehabilitate them. Then there are societies that give free loans, or least out wedding dresses to poor brides, and there are other societies that provide food for the poor before the holidays, or secret charity. There are more than six hundred and fifty-six pages of such societies. They are not intended to replace the United Jewish Appeal or any of the other major fund-raising agencies. But they are available for those people who want to focus on one cause so that they can get the satisfaction of knowing just where and how their money is helping.

THE FIFTH Edition of the famous series failed to ignite in this reviewer the interest that its predecessors had, and he is not entirely sure why this is. Likely it's just part of the general decline and fall of everything he's forever detecting. But surely, despite their achievements, few of the writers here, such as John Cheever, Joyce Carol Oates, Irwin Shaw and P.G. Wodehouse, seem to be of a class with the heavyweights who figured in the first books in this series: Mauriac, Faulkner, Pound, Eliot, Pasternak, Hemingway, Durrell or Lowell.

Then again, the level of the interviews doesn't seem up to snuff. Where once we had inimitable

WHO BETTER to describe how life may have arisen than the man who, just two decades ago, received the Nobel Prize for unravelling (together with James Watson and Maurice Wilkins) the molecular structure of DNA and its genetic code? Yet Francis Crick not only ducks the issue; he scores a duck simply by transferring the problem to some other venue.

Crick, like Leslie Orgel and Sir Fred Hoyle, tries to sell us the idea that the first replication that started the evolutionary chain was kicked off by "Directed Panspermia," to wit, bacteria seeded by a spacecraft from another location in the galaxy, possibly the last gasp of intelligent beings elsewhere. After all, even though we live in an Imperial society in which fund-raising and charity work have to be done in a sophisticated way, there are nevertheless still people who do good deeds retail and not wholesale, and who help not only by writing cheques but through their own personal involvement.

ly this: to reproduce itself, DNA needs a wide variety of proteins — which are made by DNA. It is the fact that the likelihood of perfectly matched proteins and DNA getting together to begin evolution is so infinitesimally small, that has led Crick to his outlandish transfer of the problem to some other part of the universe.

Crick dismisses, *en passant*, a recent theory that offers the way to a solution right between our feet. He simply refers to the "layered clay"

IN THEORY these are the most valuable interviews of their kind. The writers are, after all, addressing the readers of *The Paris Review*, a small but elite audience that cares intensely about the art of letters. The interviewees are not, this time around, just filling in five minutes under hot lights on some TV talk-show where, sandwiched in between the last fading starlet and the next woolly dogfood commercial they must be concerned simultaneously with flogging their latest books, with being witty, with demonstrating to the masses that not all writers are faggots in garrets, and with keeping their French cuffs out of their host's coffee.

No, when writers talk to *The Paris Review*, they may have days or weeks in which to develop their ideas, they are not under orders from publishers to boost books, and they have the significant advantage of speaking from the familiar comfort of their personal work space. Beyond all this, each interviewee is sent before publication a transcript of his conversation and is given the opportunity to edit or expand on his remarks. The result, then, should be a fairly definitive statement by a writer on the nature of his work.

In theory, that is. Make no mistake, these interviews are vastly superior to the sort of ersatz information that we get from *People* profiles; are considerably better than the dreary series of literary interviews that has been running, or limping, in recent years in *The Saturday Review*; are certainly of a higher level than that rambling, disappear-up-one's-own-fundament series on "The Making of a Writer" that periodically shows up in *The New York Times Book Review*.

THEY are, in fact, the best of the series. Still, this Fifth Edition of the famous series failed to ignite in this reviewer the interest that its predecessors had, and he is not entirely sure why this is. Likely it's just part of the general decline and fall of everything he's forever detecting. But surely, despite their achievements, few of the writers here, such as John Cheever, Joyce Carol Oates, Irwin Shaw and P.G. Wodehouse, seem to be of a class with the heavyweights who figured in the first books in this series: Mauriac, Faulkner, Pound, Eliot, Pasternak, Hemingway, Durrell or Lowell.

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idea and terms it "unlikely." He is probably referring to a theory propounded by Dr. Orahm Cairns-Smith of Glasgow (described in his new book, *Genetic Takeover*, Cambridge University Press, £15).

Cairns-Smith suggests that our form of life, based on complex carbon-water chemistry, actually followed after on earlier and lower form based on organic crystals with their own type of inherited genetic code evolving according to the principles of natural selection.

For instance very common clay crystals formed in weathering sandstone contain defects in their atomic structure which can be passed on to their "progeny," as has been demonstrated in lab experiments. The basic idea is that clays in contact with carbon-based substances may have captured particles from them and "learned" to do



In "A Song for Ireland" (Michael Joseph, £9.95), Mary O'Hara anthologizes 80 of the pieces in her concert repertoire and discusses the associations they conjure up for her. "The Leprechaun," for example, reminds her of Curlewmore where, she says, the fairies once tried to pull her grandfather off his bicycle. There are songs to make you sleep, to make you laugh or to make you weep. All the old favourites, and more, appear — *Wotter to the fair or down by the Sally gardens*; *Danny Boy*; *Dark Rosaleen*, my handsome, winsome Johnny and a Spanish lady washing her feet by candlelight. More than 120 colour photographs clothe Mary O'Hara's words in matching beauty. They are undoubtedly the best I've seen in many a long year and deserved more than a group credit. A.B.

Incommunicable

WRITERS AT WORK: The Paris Review Interviews — Fifth Series, Edited by George Plimpton. London, Penguin 387 pp. £3.95.

S. T. Meravi

literary folk like Peter Matthiessen, Donald Hall or Ralph Ellison, we now get associate professors and the show-biz correspondent for *Time*.

Further, having read over the years 60 or more of these conversations, a reviewer is bound to become somewhat jaded, hardly alarmed as he watches his own expectations sink as the latest batch of 15 signs to descend from Parnassus.

For all that, newcomers (read younger readers) will still hang on every pearl in hopes of discovering Secrets of the Creative Process. Far be it from me to pee on their parade by revealing that the creative processes simply cannot be revealed, that its secrets are secret even from those who are in its throes. The best writers know this. They can chat freely with their interrogators, allowing what seems the greatest access to their creative lives, knowing

all the while they are not going to give anything away because they don't know what it is they might conceivably divulge.

IF THIS sort of thing doesn't tell us anything about the creative process, it at least tells us something about the creator behind the book jacket. By contrast, Joan Didion, a journalist-novelist who has refined the art of hiding herself by placing her persona right up front in much of her work, reveals only the façade behind the façade in the opening of her interview:

Interviewer: "You have said that writing is a hostile act..."

Didion: "It's hostile that you're trying to make somebody see something the way you see it, trying to impose your idea, your picture. It's hostile to try to wrench around someone else's mind that way..."

Interviewer: "Are you conscious of the reader as you write? Do you write listening to the reader listening to you?"

Didion: "Obviously I listen to a reader, but the only reader I hear is me. I am always writing to myself. So very possibly I'm committing an aggressive hostile act toward myself."

Up the fundament once again. Yet consider how much Didion does reveal when, describing her strategy of plot, she slips into this felicitous metaphor:

Didion: "...So then I had to go back and lay in the preparation for the revolution. Putting in that revolution was like setting in a

as trenchant and trustworthy as what a parent has to say about the child he is trying to place in an exclusive school.

Oh, it's fascinating — yet what good does it do anyone, for example, to read that James Dickey often runs a poem through 150 or 175 drafts before he is satisfied with it? One can only wonder why such a marvellous poet can start off so wrong-footed. Much better to hear Dickey expound on the excitement he found working in the advertising profession — where he was known as "Jingle Jim" — or for that matter, to cull his colly comments about other poets:

On Sylvia Plath: "She's the Judy Garland of American Poetry." On Robert Frost: "A more sentimental, holding-forth old bore who expended every hero-worshipping neotendal little twerp of a student poet to hang on his every word I never saw." On Philip Larkin: "He's one of these Englishmen of the welfare state who writes self-effacing poems about how much he hates his record collection."

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Didion: "...So then I had to go back and lay in the preparation for the revolution. Putting in that revolution was like setting in a

sleeve. Do you know what I mean? Do you see? I mean I had to write that revolution in on the bias, had to ease out the wrinkles with my fingers."

Up the creative process.

JERZY KOSINSKI, without even trying, manages to come across as weird as his own fictional fantasies. But he also sounds engagingly sincere and elegant about literature:

"Reading novels — serious novels, anyhow — is an experience limited to a very small percentage of the so-called enlightened public. Increasingly, it's going to be a pursuit for those who seek unusual experiences, moral fetishists perhaps, people of heightened imagination, the troubled pursuers of the ambiguous self... But I never considered literature to be as important as the public highway system, for instance."

On rare and happy occasions a writer will drop a remark in an interview which seems to encapsulate everything about himself and his work. An example is when the 93-year-old P.G. Wodehouse notes that he always knew that he would be a writer: "Yes, always. I know I was writing stories when I was five. I don't remember what I did before that. Just loafed, I suppose."

All too often, however, the poor specimens will just twist and squirm on the laboratory slides, William Gass and Henry Green, for two, show themselves as askant in interview as they are in their fiction. Only those writers who are in that elevated category of a class unto themselves — such as Isaac Bashevis Singer and Pablo Neruda — seem capable of readily coming to grips with a sensible sort of lit-chat; no doubt because they are masters at applying soaring imagination to the concrete world and of reinventing the human heart with words.

It was Singer, cagey codger that he is, who once turned aside the passion for the personal probe thus: "When you're really hungry you don't try to find out the biography of the baker." For that matter, that *menach maniqué* Irwin Shaw, who so often comes across as better than his own books, arguably sets the seal on this whole fascinating but inevitably frustrating business of literary interviewing. Says Shaw:

"Conceivably, writing can still be original, but talking or writing about writing can't. Holy man, I want to play some tennis."

Phrase and praise

EVERY GOY'S GUIDE TO COMMON JEWISH EXPRESSIONS by Arthur Naiman. New York, Houghton Mifflin Co. 172 pp. \$4.95.

JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE JEWISH by M. Hirsch Goldberg. New York, Stein and Day, 264 pp. \$6.95.

David Geffen

people do that."

"Yeah, but Doctor, you don't know what a *rudnik* I am."

Naiman throws in some historical and religious terms such as "The Pale," "Marrano," "Ladino," "egg cream" and other terms reflecting different aspects of the Jewish character. If you have time, *gib o*

hook: GOLDBERG'S law, "If anything can be misconstrued about the Jews, it will be 'and has been,'" is the basis for this collection of Jewish facts. He breaks down the ignorance about Jews into ten chapters and demonstrates how false most of the so-called truisms are.

With all the present interest in Jewish military capability, Goldberg devotes a chapter to the Jewish fighter. He uses the Israeli army as his springboard, but he refers to many other Jewish warriors. One well-known figure was Uriah P. Levy, the 19th century American commodore. He also cites the prominent by the Confederate Secretary of War during the American Civil War, that he could not give Jewish

Ah, sweet mystery

LIFE ITSELF: Its Origins and Nature by Francis Crick. London, Macdonald. 192 pp. £7.95.

THE UNITY OF NATURE by Carl Friedrich von Weizsacker. London, Faber. 406 pp. £11.

Meir Ronnen

ly this: to reproduce itself, DNA needs a wide variety of proteins — which are made by DNA. It is the fact that the likelihood of perfectly matched proteins and DNA getting together to begin evolution is so infinitesimally small, that has led Crick to his outlandish transfer of the problem to some other part of the universe.

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idea and terms it "unlikely." He is probably referring to a theory propounded by Dr. Orahm Cairns-Smith of Glasgow (described in his new book, *Genetic Takeover*, Cambridge University Press, £15).

Cairns-Smith suggests that our form of life, based on complex carbon-water chemistry, actually followed after on earlier and lower form based on organic crystals with their own type of inherited genetic code evolving according to the principles of natural selection.

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their own organic chemistry, after which complicated chemicals like proteins and DNA may have evolved — separately. The worm-like crystals of kaolin (of which there are huge quantities in the Negev) might be a good place to look for evidence, writes Cairns-Smith.

As for Crick's book, it does offer, to the layman, a splendid introduction to both the dimensions of space and the nature of nucleic acids and molecular replication. There is a precise account of how the enormously complex system of passing on genetic information developed. And never has the sheer emptiness of space, the plethora of galaxies notwithstanding, been better described.

SOMEWHERE in his book Crick anticipates criticism by refuting that of his wife, who nicely terms his Directed Panspermia "science fiction." Crick, one feels, would prefer to see it under the heading of "Philosophy of Science." Philosophical (and even perhaps SF)

ideas may lead us to new facts: Einstein's approach to Relativity is a not unfair example. But one feels more at ease when philosophy is based on the latest scientific facts, or at least on fairly well tested recent ideas. Many of the numerous short essays and papers in the Weizsacker anthology were written by him ten and 20 years ago; and some of them deal with subjects and ideas that have since been far more thoroughly explored or turned inside out by more creative physicists.

Weizsacker, a physicist turned philosopher, is interesting when dealing with information or language theory, but since he first tried to relate the search for a unified quantum theory to Greek philosophy, the really creative minds among the physicaists have been getting on with the real job. And have made enormous progress.

This frequently unreadable collection is for students of philosophy. Science students in search of a theory of the unity of nature will find it a waste of time and money. □

Miss Lonelyhearts

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THE LAST chapters are devoted to "How to" tips on the wording of ads and advice in replying to them, as

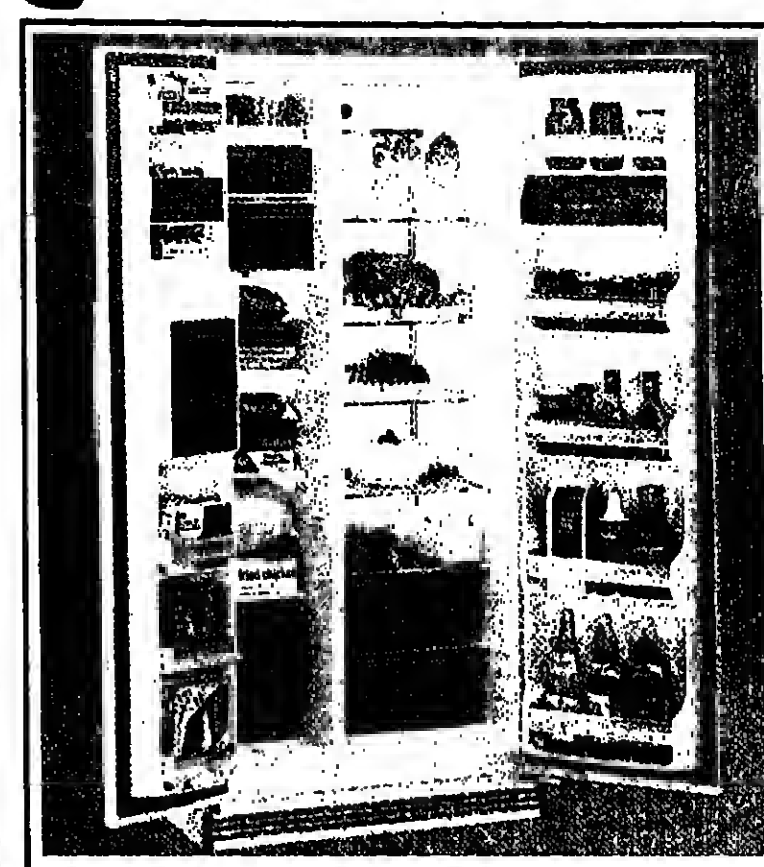
"In our own section we can't allow words like *virile*, *masculine* or *irritate*. Via *Afa'ariv* you can say what

I received one e-mail, two express letters and one computer print-out, while three sent photos of themselves in various states of undress. Two questioned why a "dildo" with such a specification needed to advertise and one wrote "If this is

If there is a liberated divorcee, 36, vivacious ex-model etc. among my readers, she should contact me. I have I got a man for you; in fact.

There are countless pitfalls in private personal import. Stories are rampant about consumers who bring in appliances not suited to the local electric current and which re-

Strictly personal




This claim is bluntly refuted by the latter, of course. "Nonsense," the single-word reaction from Isaac Mucznik, vice-president and commercial manager of Gili Electronics (1982) Ltd., a huge Tel Aviv firm which holds local rights to General Electric, Hotpoint, National, Panasonic, Grundig, Liebherr, Blomberg and Gram. He says the service company, General Engineers Ltd., not only wants customers for the initial free warranty period, but hopes they will stay on for future servicing—news so it must seek to satisfy the consumer. Moreover, Mucznik says the offer

Electric commercially-imported refrigerators have maximum prices in shekels calculated at a rate of only IS\$5.80 to the dollar, whereas the personal-importer agents adjust their exchange rates only and are already above IS\$7 early this week.

The smaller refrigerator, the less worthwhile it is to buy through personal import. When you get down to a General Electric of 13 cu. ft. or 425 liters, said to be the most popular size here, it is almost as cheap to buy for cash off the shelf in Tel Aviv than to order or import from the U.S. A personal import

As regards smaller appliances—such as television sets and video A.L.M. tells me it can bring European and Japanese brands to personal imports by air freight often with delivery within one week, and eliminating saving can be about 10 per cent compared with buying in a local shop. However, I would advise any consumer to compare prices carefully before choosing the personal-import route.

Martha Meise

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